

The Sketch

No. 876.—Vol. LXVIII.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1909.

SIXPENCE.



"IT IS A FAR, FAR BETTER THING THAN I HAVE EVER DONE": MR. C. HAYDEN COFFIN
AS SYDNEY CARTON, AT THE CORONET.

At the Coronet this week, Mr. Hayden Coffin, forsaking comic opera and musical comedy for the time being, is appearing as Sydney Carton in an episode based on "A Tale of Two Cities." During each evening's entertainment he will sing several of his popular successes. Each evening will be produced, also, a three-act farcical comedy, "The Boys," in which will be seen Miss Esmé Beringer, Miss Iris Hoey, Mr. Farren Soutar, Mr. Sam Walsh, and others. Mr. Walsh and Mr. Soutar will appear, further, in their successful farce, "The Clock-Maker," which they recently gave at the Alhambra.—[Photograph by Ellis and Walery.]



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"



PARIS.

WEATHER REPORT (week ending Saturday, Nov. 6).—Clear, sunny, bright, bracing.

CHANNEL PASSAGE.—Of no consequence.

LIGHTING-UP-TIME.—Five o'clock.

FORECAST FOR NEXT WEEK.—Clearer, sunnier, brighter, more bracing.

WEATHER IN LONDON (by special wire).—Rotten.

The Steinheil Trial.

My concierge is not taking much interest in the Steinheil trial. She is a typical Parisian. When a thing's new it's new, but it isn't new for long. The other day, in the course of her morning's labours in my little house, she came across an earthenware cooking-pot. My concierge discovered that the earthenware cooking-pot, her own property, was cracked. She has no use for cracked or leaky vessels. With an exclamation of cheerful impatience, she hammered the floor with the pot, and broke it into a dozen pieces. She was disgusted with the pot, because it had not come up to her expectations. It is the same with the Steinheil trial. I am not at all certain, friend the reader, that it won't be the same with me. There may be a vacancy for a bright young writer on this paper sooner than you think. Keep your eyes open.

My Concierge at Home.

The husband of my concierge is a very nice gentleman. He doesn't always pull the string the first time I ring, but that is quite excusable. I have never known him fail the second time. Many of the concierges, I am told, make a practice of ignoring the first ring. This is because in Paris, which has long been known as the home of wit, the youths with high spirits have conceived the splendid notion of ringing and running away. For all his trials, the man on my cord has a pleasant smile at all hours. I think he thoroughly enjoys life in that neat cupboard behind the glass-door. His little daughter is learning English, at enormous expense, but she is too shy to speak it. Naturally, this annoys father, who is paying the incredible sum for her lessons. When she stands tongue-tied he gives her a good shake, as though to shake the English out of her, willy-nilly. This has some effect, but not quite in the way you would imagine. The little girl still refuses to speak in English, but she retires to a table and writes a sentence in English in a large, clear hand. In fact, all the time her parents are talking, whether in turn or together, the little girl is making a précis of their remarks for my benefit. It always astonishes them to see how little they have said.

"La Veuve Joyeuse."

"So far as Daly's is concerned, Mr. George Edwardes can safely take a year's holiday." Thus I wrote, elsewhere, after the first performance in London of "The Merry Widow." Many of the experts told me I was rash to folly, but, as you know, Mr. Edwardes was able to take two years' holiday. One always feel a fatherly interest in pieces for which one predicted success at the outset. It was inevitable, therefore, that I should pay a visit to "La Veuve Joyeuse" at the Apollo. In a pleasant little brochure, for which I paid, in all, one franc thirty, innocently believing it to be a programme, I came across the following interesting letter to M. Franck from the composer, Franz Lehar: "Being obliged to leave Paris unexpectedly, I wish to extend to you my heartiest thanks for the wonderful manner in which you have presented my 'Merry Widow.' It is the best performance of my work which I have seen up to the present time." From the point of view of the composer, I have no doubt "La Veuve Joyeuse" is better than "The Merry Widow," if only for the reason that M. Henri Defreyne,

who plays Mr. Coyne's part, is a singer as well as a comedian. As regards the mounting, however, Mr. Edwardes, like the old-age pensioners, may still sleep quietly in his bed o' nights.

Three Notable Performances.

It was nice and soothing to find Miss Constance Drever, who did excellent work at the Savoy and in the ill-fated revival of "Dorothy," more than holding her own in the name-part. Miss Drever's chief asset is her beautifully clear voice, but she has also dignity, humour, and much charm. I congratulate her warmly upon a notable achievement. I must allude once again to M. Henri Defreyne, the Prince Danilo, because he is just what London wants so badly, and, so far as I know, has not got. M. Defreyne, to begin with, is a most accomplished light comedian. On the top of that, he is a fine singer. On the top of that, he is a very graceful dancer. On the top of all, he looks about twenty-two from the stalls. No doubt he is more than twenty-two; his evident experience tells one as much. But that is what he looks. The chief comedian is that dear little Félix Galipaux, well known to many Londoners. The "Papillon Danse de Paris" of M. Galipaux, in the Maxim's Scene, is one of the most delightful things I have ever seen in a musical play. Surrounded by his ballet of enormous English girls, M. Galipaux is as happy as everybody feels he ought to be when he dissipates his beautiful youth and his beautiful gold at Maxim's.

A Stroke of Luck.

A very different place of entertainment from the Théâtre Apollo is the Théâtre Grévin, in the Boulevard Montmartre. I found it quite by accident. It is never recommended to one as a show to be visited, but I would not have missed it on any account. For six francs I secured the best box in the house. The piece, "Le Major Ipéca," is so popular that the public were even sitting in the orchestra, their noses almost resting on the stage. The play was nothing in particular—just a childish little farce—but the acting was extraordinarily fine. I learnt from the programme that the company is a stock one, and that most of the members received their training in the best Parisian theatres. The stage is small, the house unpretentious, but the acting, I repeat, is immense. The ease of the players, the intelligence which they display when listening, the perfect give-and-take of the whole thing, I found most refreshing. Between the acts one is treated to a waxwork show beneath the theatre. The great thing here is to lean against a wall, in a natural position, your eyes fixed on vacancy, and wait until some stranger comes and pinches you to see if you are real. The patrons of the Théâtre Grévin have carried this joke to a startling pitch of artistry.

Lighting-Up Time.

Well, friend the reader, it is nearly five o'clock, lighting-up time. Everybody in Paris leaves off work at five o'clock, it seems to me, and goes out into the throng. At four the streets are empty; at five they are crowded. At four o'clock Paris is quiet; at five, the hubbub is deafening. The newsboys dash about, roaring the names of their papers in stentorian voices. The drivers of cabs and omnibuses, excited by the lights and the near approach of refreshment, shout at their horses, crack their whips, and lock their wheels in the most bewildering manner. All the fashionable women, as I told you last week, are either going to drink tea or are coming away from drinking tea. The cafés fill up; ice clinks in the glasses; waiters dash hither and thither. If you don't like it, you can stay indoors. I do like it, so I am going out. If anything of interest happens to me, it shall be duly recorded upon this very page next week. In the meantime, a thousand good wishes.

THE TRAGIC WIDOW ON TRIAL: THE STEINHEIL CASE.

THE PRESIDING JUDGE: M. VALLES.

THE PRISONER: MME. MARGUERITE STEINHEIL.



MME. STEINHEIL'S COUNSEL: M. ANTONY AUBIN.

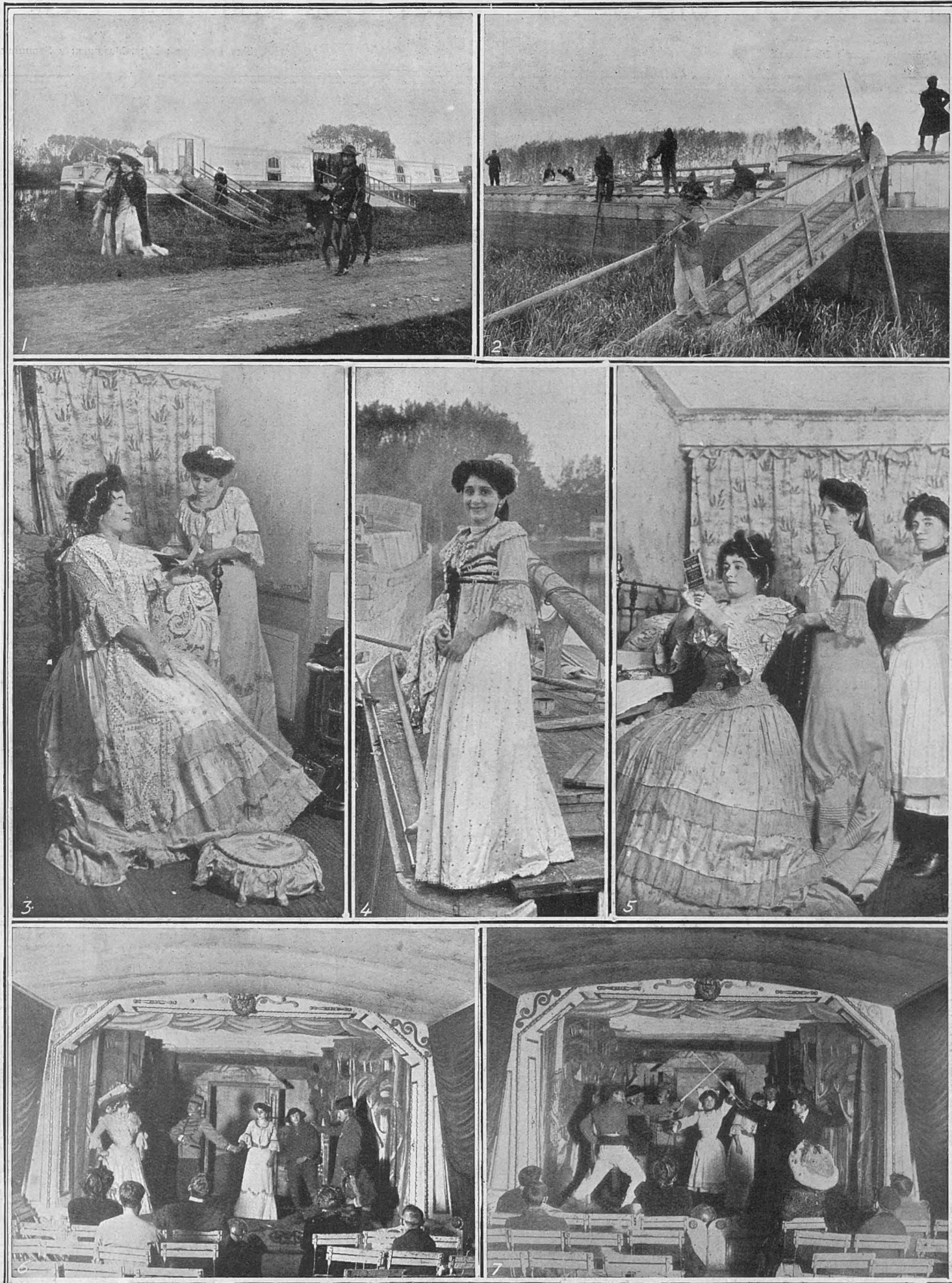
THE VALET, WHO FOUND THE BODIES: M. RÉMY COUILLARD.

DURING THE DRAMATIC INTERROGATION: THE DUEL BETWEEN PRISONER AND JUDGE.

Mme. Steinheil (now known throughout Paris as the Tragic Widow) is accused of having strangled her husband (a painter), and her mother, Mme. Japy, in her house in the Impasse Ronsin, Paris. When the bodies were discovered (on May 31, 1908) by a servant of the family, Rémy Couillard, Mme. Steinheil was found tied to her bed. She stated that she had been awakened at about midnight by someone throwing a cloth over her head, and had seen three men and a red-haired woman. The first part of the trial resolved itself into a passionate duel between the prisoner and M. Valles, the Presiding Judge.

Photographs by Branger.

ART AND CRAFT: A BARGE AS A THEATRE.



1. "BOX OFFICE NOW OPEN": THE BARGE THAT SERVES MME. PERNEY AND HER TOURING COMPANY AS A THEATRE, MOORED AGAINST THE BANK OF THE RIVER, THAT A PERFORMANCE MAY BE GIVEN.

2. "RESTING": MEMBERS OF THE COMPANY THAT USES A BARGE AS A THEATRE ENGAGED IN "HOUSE-WORK" DURING THE DAYTIME—WORK THEY SET ABOUT IN OLD CLOTHES AND SOU'-WESTERS.

3. BEHIND THE SCENES: ACTRESSES IN ONE OF THE DRESSING-ROOMS OF THE SECOND BARGE.

4. A LEADING LADY OF THE BARGE THEATRE: THE ACTRESS WHO PLAYS THE INGÉNUE.

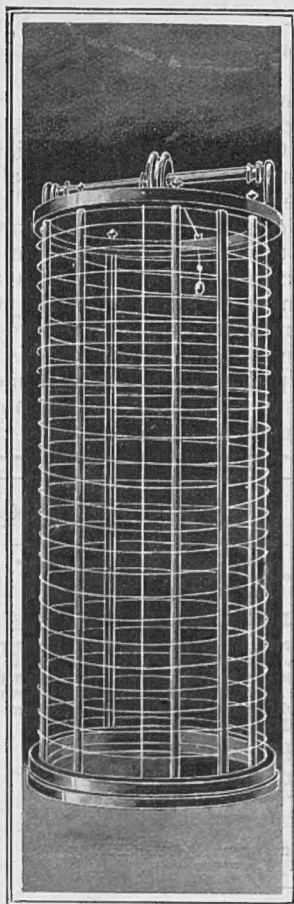
5. MAKING-UP: ACTRESSES GETTING READY FOR A PERFORMANCE, IN ONE OF THE BEDROOM-DRESSING-ROOMS.

6. "ONCE ABOARD THE LUGGER —": A PERFORMANCE ON THE LITTLE STAGE OF THE BARGE THEATRE.

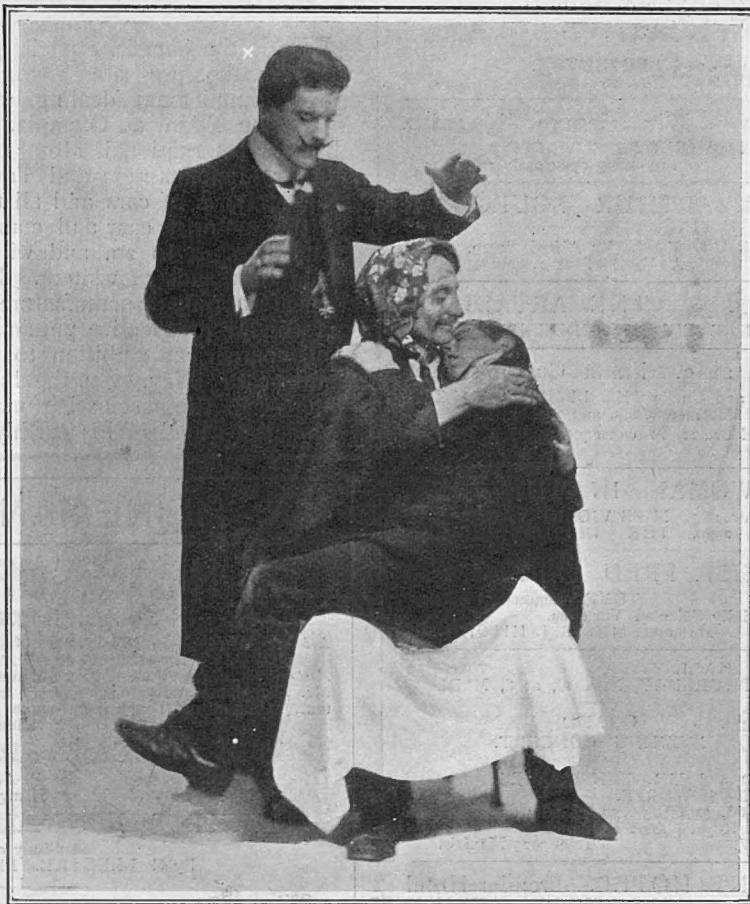
7. NOT IN "THE HARBOUR LIGHTS": SEVEN PLAYERS IN A SCENE IN THE BARGE THEATRE.

During the lifetime of the late M. Perney, Mme. Perney accompanied her husband and his company from town to town, a little theatre being erected in each place at which they gave performances. This method entailed so much work that Mme. Perney did not care to continue it after her husband's death. Therefore, she invested in three barges, and now has a theatre that is transported by water. In all, she has three barges and a yacht. The first barge is fitted as a theatre; the second contains the living apartments of the company, which serve as dressing-rooms also; the third forms the stables for six horses and a donkey, and a store-place. In it, further, is an engine that before long will provide the theatre with electric light. The company consists of twelve men and six women. The men do the general work of the craft; the women are responsible for the housekeeping and for needlework. The expense of moving from place to place is exceptionally light—each boat's license costs but twenty-two francs a year. The barge theatre has been running for eighteen months, and has been travelling up and down the Oise and Seine. An audience of 500 can be accommodated at each performance.—[Photographs by Vogel, Paris.]

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS OF THE WEEK.



THE HARMLESS "CAGE OF DEATH":
A LARGE CAGE SOLENOID, AS USED
BY MR. BODIE.



MR. PODIE, M-ERRY D-EVIL, THE MUSIC HALL HYPNOTIST
AND MEDICAL ELECTRICIAN.



Photo. Illus. Bureau.
THE PLAINTIFF: MR. IRVING, WHO
SUED MR. BODIE FOR THE RETURN
OF £1000, AND WON HIS CASE.

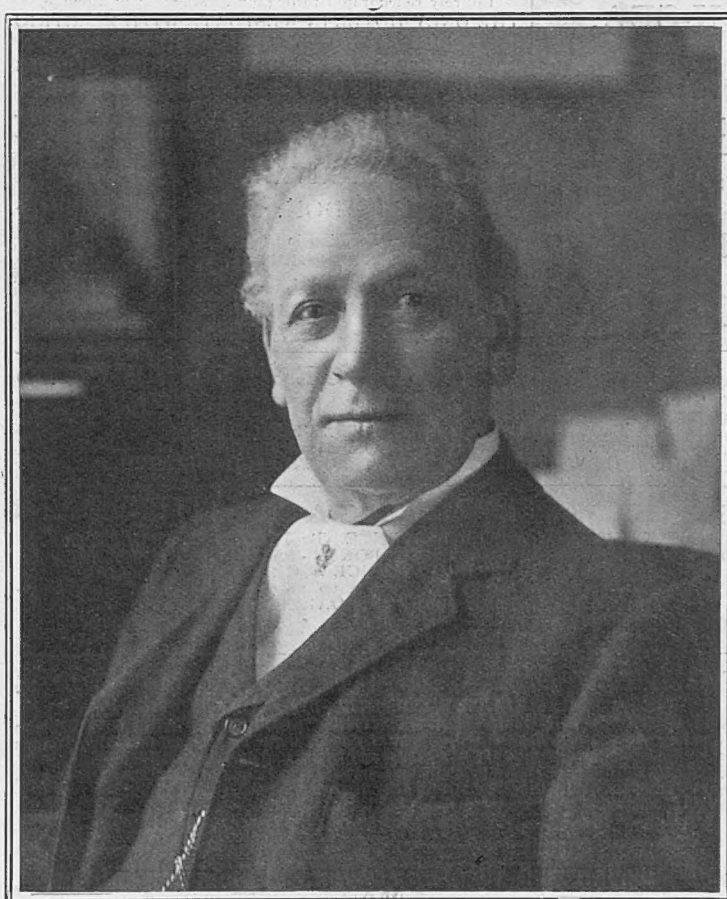
Mr. Charles Irving sued the music-hall performer known as Dr. Bodie, who has been touring the country for some years past as a hypnotist and electrician, for the return of £1000 paid by him as premium for learning Mr. Bodie's methods, alleging that the defendant had carried on a fraudulent business, in which he had consistently and deliberately deceived the public. The jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff. It is said that Mr. Bodie will appeal. The "Cage of Death" as used on the stage by Mr. Bodie to stand in, which was supposed to be exceedingly dangerous, is thus described by a member of the well-known firm of Gray's Inn Road, the Medical Supply Association: "The 'Cage of Death' consists of a large spiral of wire of such size and height as to enable a person to stand or sit inside of same without coming into contact with any part of it. The wire of this cage is connected to any source of high-frequency currents. These currents circulating through the wire coil create a field of electrical energy in the whole neighbourhood of the spiral, so that the patient or performer inside is under its action, currents are induced in his body, and any person approaching his finger or any part of himself to either the cage or the person enclosed can draw a long spark, exceedingly vicious-looking, but, as a matter of fact, totally harmless—in fact, the person taking it can hardly feel it."



THE DEAD CHICAGO JOURNALIST THROUGH WHOM MR. STEAD
CLAIMS TO HAVE OBTAINED THE LATE MR. GLADSTONE'S OPINION
OF THE BUDGET: JULIA.

Mr. Stead, seated in Julia's Bureau, claims to have received through Julia (in life, a Chicago journalist; now referred to as "Mr. Stead's agent in the spirit-world") the late W. E. Gladstone's opinions of the Budget, opinions that were published the other day. It is not in the least surprising to note that the whole business has called down many a rebuke on the heads of those concerned in it.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



A GRAND OLD MAN OF THE STAGE: THE LATE LIONEL BROUGH,
WHO DIED ON MONDAY LAST.

Lionel Brough was one of the best known figures on the British stage. He was born in March 1836, the son of Barnabas Brough, dramatic author. He began his active career in the publishing office of the "Illustrated London News," and was for a time also on the "Daily Telegraph" and the "Morning Star." He made his first appearance on the stage at the Lyceum on Dec. 26, 1854. His last appearance was in the recent production of "The School for Scandal," at His Majesty's.

Photograph by Haines.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Proprietor and Manager, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree.
EVERY EVENING at 8.15, for Five Nights only, **TRILBY**,
followed by "The Van Dyck."
MATINEE TO-DAY and SATURDAY NEXT at 2.15.

On THURSDAY, Nov. 18, will be produced **BEETHOVEN**.
FIRST MATINEE SATURDAY, Nov. 20.

GAIETY THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. George Edwardes.
EVERY EVENING at 8. A Musical Play, **OUR MISS GIBBS**.
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY at 2. Box-office open daily 10 till 10

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EVERY EVENING at 8. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY at 2.

WYNDHAM'S.—Every Evening at 9. Frank Curzon's New
Production. Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY and Co. in **THE LITTLE DAMOZEL**,
by Monckton Hoffs. At 8.15, "Tilda's New Hat." Matinee Weds. and Sats. at 2.15.
The Theatre will be CLOSED on FRIDAY, Nov. 12, in consequence of a ROYAL
COMMAND to appear at Sandringham.

NEW THEATRE. THE WOMAN IN THE CASE.
EVENINGS at 9. MATINEE Weds. and Sats. at 3. MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH.
MISS ELLIS JEFFREYS. At 8.30., Mats. 2.30., THE DEPUTY SHERIFF.

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DAN, the Drunken Dog, and Specially Selected Varieties.
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ROYAL ALBERT HALL.
THURSDAY, Nov. 18, at 8, MME.

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Supplement dealing with the great Motor Show which
opens on Friday at Olympia. To give it its full title, it is the
Eighth International Motor Show Organised by the Society of
Motor Manufacturers and Traders, and at it will be seen all the
newest types of cars and all the latest devices for making the way
of the motorist easy and comfortable. The show is to be opened
from Nov. 12 to 20, and will doubtless attract during that time
many thousands of visitors. Its manifold exhibits are such as to
appeal not only to manufacturers, owners, and drivers of cars, but to
all who are prospective purchasers; and what man is there who does
not nourish an ambition to be one day the owner of his own
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interest in the fascinating mechanism which may at any moment
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Signature.....

BRUMMELL

IDIOT & PHILOSOPHER

By COSMO HAMILTON

Gingerly.

And now, bless you—for I am still thick with this love business, still givin' tips as to how to conduct love passages with the Ten Types of woman—for the third type. And in dealing with her, my friends, or as Mr. Keble Howard so frequently and touchingly says in this very journal, "friend the reader," I feel that I must walk gingerly, for mark you this, the third type is the Red-headed Type. In regard to her I should like to make free with a little-known but exquisite French proverb. Skipping that, however, this I will say—orthodoxly, Hyde Parkly, S.Wly. The Red-headed Type carries the danger-signal. Like the ubiquitous and expensive red taxi-cab, she is not infrequently—and I feel that that is putting it well—of a queenly disposition. Mostly she has green eyes, of a contradictory, cold nature. She does this red hair of hers in an aureole. There is about her an aroma of the old, glad, mad days of the portcullis and the battlemented wall, if I may say so without appearing to be personal. She carries herself for the most part—you will notice that I am bein' very correct—very erect, very Pompadourly. The Red-headed Type thinks herself to be very much accordin' to Cocker, and upon my word, so far as my experience goes, she has the right to do so. For this I will say; good red hair and great green eyes are worth makin' a fuss about. And b'Jove and b'George, fuss is the word. If the Red-headed Type, who generally has long, but unnoticeable eyelashes, is clever enough to put a slight line of artistic black beneath them, you may as well consider yourself to be the usual number of skittles, for down you will go in one. And mind you this: what about the freckles? What about those little round sun-marks that pit the nose and lie like autumn leaves upon the cheeks? I have known great soldiers and Limehouse statesmen to lose their reputations for a freckle. I myself—ay, even I—eschewed delights and lived laborious days, ran straight, as the sayin' goes, and gave myself up to high flights of thought, all for the sake of a freckle. But I must not indulge in emotion; I must endeavour to keep cool. Philosophy is proverbially cold.

The Red-Headed Type.

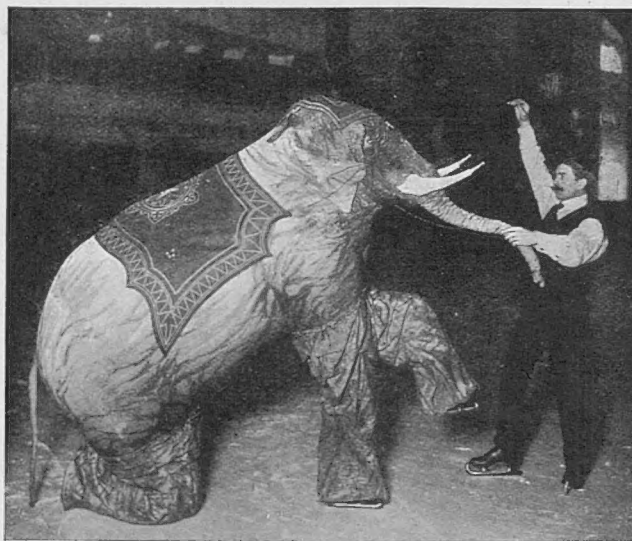
Now, let us come nearer to the Red-headed Type. Let us approach her and analyse. Let us be chemists and forget that we are men. The Red-headed Type is not very general.

She forms the exception to the rule. Her average is about one per cent. She may be found, however, at dances, where she invariably is clothed in art tints. She has a *penchant* for Liberty, and she makes a corner in aloofness. She is, if I may

say so, like a forty-candle-power electric-light under a thick green shade. Warily, warily, my friend. For the Red-headed Type has a red-hot temper. She will lie, metaphorically speakin', like a beautiful cool fish, paddlin' softly with her fins until roused, and then she will dart and splash like a Scotch salmon. Should her dignity be upset by the fraction of an inch, she will say those things which are better left unsaid, and she will say them descriptively. Has she brothers, she will say them with umbrage. She does not quietly and West-Kensingtonly take umbrage: she gets into the devil of a temper. But I must say that she doesn't do this often. She is mostly a queen. She moves, or rather glides, in her small circle, throwing favours to a kneeling crowd of worshippers old and young, bearded and scraped. She takes all that she can get, and gives nothing. She is like the Albert Hall—one unbroken round of good taste, if you follow me. She worships, in a conversational way, Burne-Jones and Browning. She has an academical liking for Tennyson, whom she usually considers to be too smooth, too transparent. Utterly unbrained, she poses as one who is smitten with intellectuality. She talks in periods

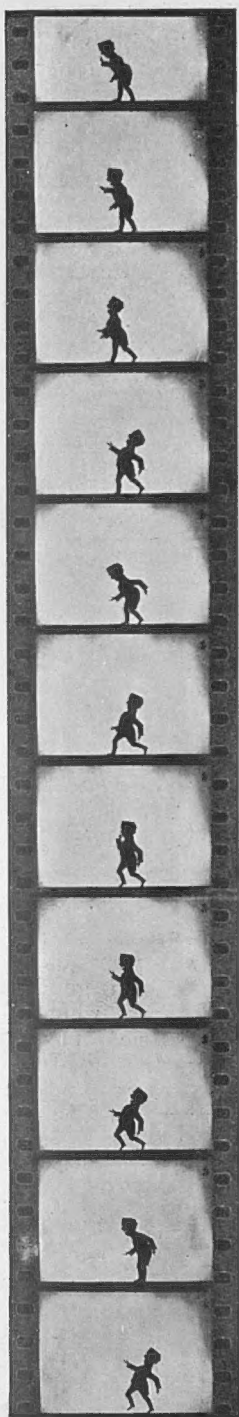
about Love, always with a big L, and there may always be found in her sanctum, as she calls it, that pitifully common place picture which is called "The Soul's Awakening." Here, also, may be found the early works of Marie Corelli and the poems of the unwashed. She will talk scenery by the yard. She is always thinking of

her effects. But, mind you, she is not insincere. Ah, no. She hasn't got it in her to be insincere. She hasn't sufficient depth for that great gift. She is just stupid, just a silly, red-headed, green-eyed, queenly, handsome thing on whom you can spend a patrimony and receive no change. Every man she meets comes, according to her, under her sway, within her aura, if I may say so without knowing what it means. She is, as you will see, if you are not hopelessly gone, if you are not befreckled out of common-sense, a laughter-making darling. But of all the types extant, she is the one to whom you can really make love. You can say anything you like, anything you've read, anything that seems in the cold light of day utterly ridiculous, and yet you cannot be foolish. You can, and must, hurl at her head—from your kneelin' position—headlines, quotations, but you cannot do more than kiss the Hem of her Robe. To her a kiss is a Sacred Thing, only to be received and given when she has Found Love. And when she has found it, what then? Why, she leaves her pose behind her in the ancestral halls, and immediately develops into a good wife and a sound mother.



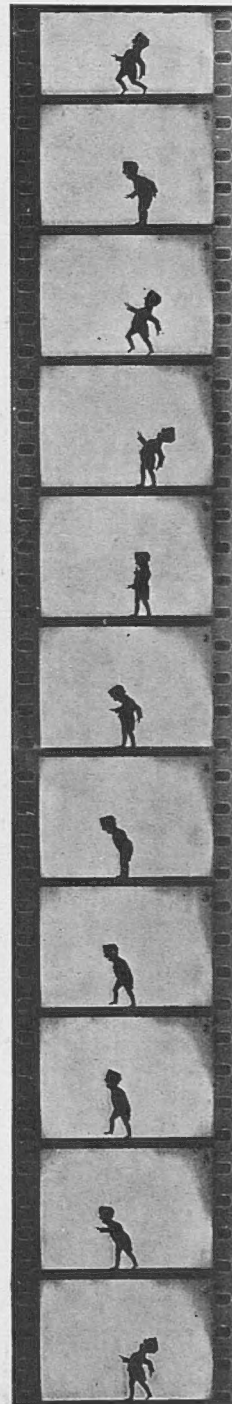
AN IDEA ROLLER-SKATERS MIGHT COPY: AN ELEPHANT (IMITATION) ON SKATES, IN THE BERLIN ICE-PALACE.

Photograph by G. Haeckel.



LIVING CARICATURES IN SILHOUETTE: THE BIOSCOPE "MR. ASQUITH."

By means of ingenious methods, which have been duly patented, Mr. C. Armstrong is able to produce, amongst other things, living caricatures by the Bioscope.



LIVING CARICATURES IN SILHOUETTE: THE BIOSCOPE "MR. ASQUITH."

The particular cinematograph film of which we illustrate a part shows Mr. Asquith in a number of characteristic attitudes. The figures are projected on to a screen in the usual manner.



THE MARCHIONESS OF ZETLAND, WIFE OF THE MARQUESS OF ZETLAND, MASTER OF THE MARQUESS OF ZETLAND'S.

Photograph by Lafayette.

and engravings in Sir Joshua Reynolds's two groups now hanging in Grafton Street. Lord Balcarras has always sided with the arts: his rooms at Magdalen were sought by all the Oxford youths learned in painting and architecture. He is, perhaps, the only lordly A.R.I.B.A.

Wary.

Miss Lily Antrobus's house in Cadogan Square will be given over to song and tea to-morrow in a charitable cause. Lady Constance Hatch, who is always hatching schemes to help the poor, is partly responsible for what will be an excellent afternoon's entertainment, and she has been helped by Mrs. Fabian Ware.

Mrs. Fabian Ware is the wife of the editor of the *Morning Post*, who, because of his position and the very unsocialistic views it implies, is often adjoined by his friends to "Be Ware. Fabian!"

And now Mrs. Leadless - Ware Fabian is the temporary sobriquet of his wife, assisting with to-morrow's function in aid of the Leadless Glaze Exhibition.

Lord Howard de Walden.

If there was a special outburst of fireworks in Belgrave Square last week, we must point with suspicion to the fact that Lord Howard de Walden rejoices in an ancestor who was instrumental in the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot. And Lord Howard de Walden has other reasons for being gay.

He has won a race just when he had grown quite weary of horses, and nobody can say he leaves the Turf a beaten man. The fact is that Lord Howard de Walden has greater interests elsewhere, including a fleet of motor-boats, a great theatrical scheme behind which he is entrenched, a volume of verse hot from the press, and another literary venture which at

present is nothing if not anonymous.

"W's." of Party.

It is not always easy to remember offhand whether it was Lord Willoughby de Eresby in the Commons, or Lord Willoughby de Broke in the Lords who made the last good Willoughby remark. In both taking actively to party politics "the twa Willoughbys" have only followed the fate of most of their peers whose names begin with "W." Lords Waleran and Waldegrave outdid each other in energy as Conservative Whips; Winterton, with all the *World* at his feet, has only lately been at odds with the Labour Members. The letter "W" stands, indeed, for political wit on both sides of the House; Lord Weardale is fighting, but only half-heartedly, the Suffragettes in the interests of the Government. Who is better known at the Treasury than Welby? Age does nothing to quell a "W"—witness the fervour of Lord Wemyss. And if Lord Warwick refuses to be much of a party man, Lady Warwick avenges the "W" tradition, and may yet be a future Minister in a Wells Cabinet.

Unsuited. Lord Willoughby de Eresby, who spoke in the teeth of anxiety in the House the other day, congratulates himself on the birth of a second daughter,

for he is already safely endowed with a son and heir—a little two-year-old Conservative. He carried his own good news with him to Wynyard Park, where he had promised to make one of a house-party particularly interesting to so keen a politician. Of a former Lady Londonderry there is a story which Wynyard Park has lately resuscitated in regard to another daughterly advent. Her Ladyship, convinced that her baby would be a boy, made all preparations accordingly. She went to a tailor's and ordered a uniform of her husband's regiment "for a boy six days old." "You mean six years," suggested the measurer.

"No; it's for his baptism," explained her Ladyship, "and it must be ready in a fortnight." The suit was ready indeed, but the less-than-welcome little lady was not put into it.



THE COUNTESS OF EGLINTON, WIFE OF THE EARL OF EGLINTON, MASTER OF THE EARL OF EGLINTON'S.

Photographs by Lafayette.



MRS. W. SELBY LOWNDES, WIFE OF MR. SELBY LOWNDES, MASTER OF THE WHADDON CHASE.

Photograph by Esme Collings.

FAIR HUNTERS OF THE FOX: WIVES OF MASTERS OF FAMOUS PACKS.



LADY BULLOUGH, WIFE OF SIR GEORGE BULLOUGH, JOINT MASTER OF THE LEDBURY.

Photograph by Lafayette.



THE MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD, WIFE OF THE MARQUESS OF WATERFORD, MASTER OF THE WATERFORD.

Photograph by Lafayette.



MRS. MILES J. STAPYLTON, WIFE OF MR. STAPYLTON, MASTER OF THE YORK AND AINSTY.

Photograph by Watkin.



MRS. ARTHUR P. POLLOK, WIFE OF MR. POLLOK, MASTER OF THE KILDARE.

Photograph by Lafayette.



THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT, WIFE OF THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT, MASTER OF THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S.

Photograph by Langfieri.

FAIR HUNTERS OF THE FOX: WIVES OF MASTERS OF FAMOUS PACKS.



1. LADY WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE, WIFE OF LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE, MASTER OF THE WARWICKSHIRE.
4. THE COUNTESS RATHURST, WIFE OF EARL BATHURST, MASTER OF V. W.H. (CIRENCESTER).
7. THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER, WIFE OF THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER, MASTER OF THE CHESHIRE.

2. MRS. F. W. FORESTER, WIFE OF CAPTAIN FORESTER, MASTER OF THE QUORN.
5. COUNTESS OF LONSDALE, WIFE OF THE EARL OF LONSDALE, MASTER OF THE COTTESMORE.
8. LADY GREENALL, WIFE OF SIR GILBERT GREENALL, BT., MASTER OF THE BELVOIR.

3. THE COUNTESS OF FINGALL, WIFE OF THE EARL OF FINGALL, MASTER OF THE MEATH.
6. THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON, WIFE OF THE EARL OF HUNTINGDON, MASTER OF THE ATHRSTONE.
9. MRS. F. J. B. WINGFIELD DIGBY, WIFE OF MR. WINGFIELD DIGBY, MASTER OF THE BLACKMORE VALE.

Photographs No. 1 by Kate Pragnell; 2, Lallie Charles; 3, 8, Russell; 4, 6, 7, Lafayette; 5, Langher; and 9, Lizzie Caswall Smith.



Prince Ito's Homeland.

deck, one sees to the left hand little grey mounds of earth, which are the batteries which house the guns which have replaced those ordered in England many scores of years ago by Prince Ito. It is an uninviting-looking shore, and when I knew it no Europeans were allowed to land there. Prince Ito nearly lost his life owing to the imported guns not proving equal in power to the European guns which were brought to bear against them. His over-lord, who had gone to the expense of purchasing these guns, could not see what advantage their possession gave him

unless he made some use of them. The first target which presented itself was a couple of American ships, and, not for any deep political reason, as is usually

said to have been the case, but just to try his new toys, the chief of the clan opened fire at them. The

consequence of this experiment was that the Shimonoseki guns were blown out of the batteries by the strong fleet eventually sent against them. Ito stood a

great risk of being murdered by his fellow-clansmen,

who could not understand why the money expended produced such a poor result, and his bosom friend, Inouye, was cut down in the streets of the town by a patriotic and revengeful two-handed swordsman.

Ito's Tomb.

It has not been stated where the great national memorial to Prince Ito is to be erected, but I hope that it may be on one of the islands in the Inland Sea, in sight of that province which he served so well. I also hope that the memorial will be of the true type of Japanese architecture, such as are the tombs of the older of the country's heroes. There seems to be a reaction in Japan in favour of the old and beautiful dresses and the old forms of beautiful buildings. I am told that the Court dress has been entirely changed since I knew Japan, and that the very old and very gorgeous costume of the Courts of past centuries has now again become the Japanese State dress, replacing the hideous modern tail-coat, which all officials had to wear when I knew Japan. For ordinary garments of social festivities, the Japanese still adhere to European dress, and it was to buy Parisian dresses and jewellery for a Japanese Princess about to be married that Viscount Ito, the son of the Prince and a Master of Ceremonies at the Imperial Court, had come to Europe, where he was when the news of his father's death reached him.

Prince Ito's Life.

No finer book of adventures for boys will ever be written than that of the great Japanese statesman who was killed by

The Straits of Shimonoseki narrow as the inland sea is approached. Standing on

the Korean fanatic. It has always appeared to me a particularly pathetic moment when Ito and Inouye, having condemned themselves to death by leaving their native country, and having worked their way as sailors before the mast from Yokohama to London, found themselves, on the evening of their arrival at the docks, alone in the fore-castle of the ship, their British companions all having gone on shore to enjoy themselves. They were hungry and deserted, and they could speak very little English. Inouye went on shore and found his way to a baker's. He pointed to a loaf, and offered the baker a dollar, which was then worth nearly five shillings. The baker gave him the loaf, took the dollar, and drove Inouye out of his shop when he made signs that he wanted change. What Inouye and the future

Prince must have thought of British honesty on that first night in England can only be imagined.

Next day a representative of Jardine and Matherson, the great trading-house of the Far East, found the two young adventurers, and made their paths easy for them.

A Princely House.

Jardine
and

MME. STEINHEIL AS A GIRL.

Matherson are now known through the whole of the East as the "Princely House." They were even more princely in the days when they helped the two young Japanese to take the first steps towards setting Japan on the road to European civilisation. It was on a steamer that Ito and his companion worked their way to London. Before the days of steamers were the most splendid days of the Princely House. The mails came rarely to Hong-Kong, and the merchants sent out swift sailing-boats to meet the incoming merchantmen, and to obtain their letter-bags earlier, if possible, than competing firms. Those were the days when the fast, full-rigged sailing vessels raced home with cargoes of tea, a day's advantage on the London market meaning a fortune to the firm whose ship reached port first. Dent's were the great rivals to Jardine's in those days. Each employee of either company was entitled to ask a guest to dinner every night of the week. The two houses were rivals in public beneficence, and presented fountains, town halls, and other trifles to the city of Hong-Kong as occasion offered. They were rivals in racing, and one of the houses imported a Derby winner to run on the race-track in the Happy Valley. Steamers and the telegraph did away with the old happy times when a mail a month was all the connection which Hong-Kong had with Europe. The palace of the Princely House still stands on a great bluff near the capital of Hong-Kong; but Dent's collapsed, and collapsed as it had existed—magnificently. Men still talk in Hong-Kong of the great breaking-up feast with which that firm celebrated its failure.



MME. STEINHEIL AS A YOUNG WOMAN.



MME. STEINHEIL AS A GIRL.

"THE TRAGIC WIDOW," A LEADER
OF BOHEMIAN SOCIETY IN PARIS:
MME. MARGUERITE STEINHEIL—SOME
EARLY PORTRAITS.



ONCE A QUEEN OF BOHEMIAN SOCIETY IN PARIS:
MME. STEINHEIL AS A YOUNG WOMAN.

"The Tragic Widow," as the Parisians are calling Mme. Marguerite Steinheil, is the talk of all France again, now that she has come to stand her trial. A queue formed outside the court twelve or fourteen hours before it was due to open in the morning, and certain members of this sold places for forty francs and over. Such, apparently, will be the state of things until the case is finished. Mme. Steinheil is a very beautiful woman, and has been famed for her good looks since girlhood. Only a few years ago she was a reigning beauty in the Bohemian society of Paris, and among her worshippers were men famous in every walk of life.

THE BOGIE BEAST: THE UGLIEST BRITISH ANIMAL.

(BEING "OUR WONDERFUL WORLD.")



NOT CALCULATED TO PLEASE THE CHILDREN: THE HORSESHOE BAT.

Our correspondent writes: "The horseshoe bats owe their extraordinary appearance to the presence of a remarkable outgrowth round the nostrils, probably a sense-organ which enables them to avoid obstacles while flying in the dark. The lesser horseshoe bat figured is at once the smallest, the ugliest, and perhaps the neatest flyer of British bats. In the position of rest its whole head and body are enshrouded in its wings, and as it hangs head downwards it bears a remarkable resemblance to a chrysalis."

Photographs by Douglas English.



TO MARRY MISS MILLICENT GROSVENOR NEXT MONDAY: MR. WILLIAM MOLYNEUX CLARKE. Mr. Clarke is a son of the late Mr. Stephenson Clarke, of Brook House, Hayward's Heath.—[Photograph by Langflier.]

has been because he has thought himself hardly justified in commenting on what has been accomplished by Englishmen when foreigners have done the same thing better. Since the flights of both Mr. Moore-Brabazon and the Hon. C. S. Rolls he intends and desires to make some sign. Mr. Rolls, like his parents, Lord and Lady Llangattock, are personal friends of the royal family. It is at The Hendre, where Lord and Lady Llangattock have given house-parties with ballooning as the attraction, that we may see the first private aero-meets in England, with royalty present and much approving.

The Coming King.

King Mantel will see all sorts and conditions of interiors during his visit. At Windsor he will sleep—we hope, well—in George the Third's Council Chamber; he will breakfast—we hope, heartily—with York ham on his plate and plump ladies on the walls, in the Rubens

WIFE OF THE NEW SCOTTISH BARONET, LADY GIBSON, WIFE OF THE LORD PROVOST OF EDINBURGH.

Lady Gibson, the wife of the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, who has just been made a Baronet, holds a very responsible position in the Athens of the North. Since Sir James Puckering Gibson has represented East Edinburgh in the Liberal interest, his accomplished wife's duties have naturally greatly increased, for Scottish constituents expect a great deal of attention from those they elect to the honour of representing them in the national Parliament.

Photograph by Lafayette.

Room. His study will not be the Vandyck Gallery, for that might mean brown studies, but the gayer Picture Gallery; and he will have two magnificent reception-rooms. From these glories he will come to lunch with the Portuguese Minister in dreary Gloucester Place.

The Button-Hole of Brick.

It was the late Sir Edward Monson who said, and said well, that Ambassadors and Ministers were the buttons that held nations together on decent terms. A witty

CROWNS-CORONETS-COURTIERS

THE 26th of this month is the twelfth anniversary of the King's first ride, in the garden of Buckingham Palace, in a motor-car. His Majesty was a keen pioneer then, and is now more than ready to take a keen pioneering interest in the flying motor of to-day. But if he has been almost silent in regard to flying in England, it

friend of the Marquis de Soveral has dubbed his "diggings" in Gloucester Place "the button-hole," and the Marquis sorrowfully admits that they are at least much less fashionable than the rest of his attire.

The White Lodge.

When the Prince Consort first sent the King to the White Lodge, it was with the idea that he would there be "away from the world and devote himself to study." It is not with any ambition for seclusion, however, that Lord and Lady Farquhar jump at the King's loan of this delightful dwelling in Richmond Park. They will, as a matter of fact, be very near to friends; and, even if they were not, White Lodge is quite capable of accommodating companions for their week-end visits. When the surprising news of Mrs. Hartman's failure came, various well-known people were mentioned as possible occupants of the house, but there are many reasons why Lord and Lady Farquhar, who have always been singularly favoured by the attendance of the King and Queen both at dinner and at dances, should reverse the rôle and be the King's guests.

The Christian and the Lyons.

Anti-clericalism takes surprising forms in distant lands, and the Missionary Exhibition which the Rev. Lord William Cecil has been opening in Battersea might



AUTHOR OF "THE STREET OF SEVEN HOUSES."

The Hon. Sylvia Brett is following the example of both her parents, and making her début in literature. She published a few days ago a book bearing the curious title of "The Street of Seven Houses." Lord Esher's children have been in a literal sense brought up under the shadow of Windsor Castle. Their charming home, Orchard Lea, is on the edge of the forest, and an hereditary friendship binds them to the grandchildren of the late Sovereign, for Queen Victoria was devotedly attached to Lady Esher's father, the late Silvain Van de Weyer.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.



TO MARRY MR. WILLIAM MOLYNEUX CLARKE: MISS MILLICENT GROSVENOR. Miss Grosvenor is the elder daughter of Lord Henry Grosvenor, and is a sister of Lady Dalmeny.—[Photograph by Langflier.]



THE NEW LADY OF WHITE LODGE: LADY FARQUHAR.

Lady Farquhar, to whose husband the King has lent White Lodge, was formerly well known in Society as Lady Scott, the mother of Sir Samuel Scott. She is a brilliant hostess, and constantly entertains the King and Queen in Norfolk and in town. Both Lord and Lady Farquhar are very musical. Lady Farquhar by her first marriage had several children, among her daughters being the present Lady Romney and Mrs. Stijney Lane.

Photograph by Lafayette.



THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH AND HER ELDER SON, LORD BLANDFORD.

The Duchess of Marlborough is a devoted mother to her two young sons, and it would be interesting to know if she shares her own mother's views on the education of children. Not long ago Mrs. Belmont wrote some articles on this subject, much to the amusement of the American smart set. Lord Blandford and his brother are known to the art public through the superb group painted by Mr. Sargent.—[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]

well contain some rather gruesome mementos of savage disbelief. Not long ago Lord Hugh Cecil suggested that it would "buck up" the Church in Wales if the Bishop of Llandaff went to the stake. The Bishop, perhaps the last person likely to take his Lord Hugh seriously, laughed! The mention of plain burning would seem to suggest that Lord Hugh's imagination in regard to forms of martyrdom is restricted. There is, of course, one revived martyr method at which even his Lordship of Llandaff might not sniff—the giving of the Christian to the Lyons for a meal.

IN ATTENDANCE UPON THE CITY'S QUEEN:

THE SIXTEEN MAIDS-OF-HONOUR OF LADY KNILL, THE NEW LADY MAYORESS OF LONDON.



- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. MISS DOROTHY KNILL, DAUGHTER OF THE LORD MAYOR-ELECT, SIR JOHN KNILL, BT. | 9. MISS ANNIE COEN, NIECE OF SIR JOHN KNILL. |
| 2. MISS LILY TIMBRELL, DAUGHTER OF A. W. TIMBRELL, ESQ., C.C. (COMMON COUNCILLOR). | 10. MISS ENID ROLL, DAUGHTER OF SHERRIFF J. ROLL, C.C. |
| 3. MISS VIOLET PORTER, DAUGHTER OF S. B. PORTER, ESQ. | 11. MISS QUEENIE WILLIAMSON, DAUGHTER OF W. H. WILLIAMSON, ESQ., C.C. |
| 4. MISS LUCY WILLIS, DAUGHTER OF CAPT. WILLIS, AND ENGAGED TO LIEUT. STUART KNILL. | 12. MISS AUDREY WRAY, DAUGHTER OF LIEUT. WRAY. |
| 5. MISS DAISY THUNDER, NIECE OF SIR JOHN KNILL. | 13. MISS MURIEL DEIGHTON, DAUGHTER OF T. H. DEIGHTON, ESQ., C.C. |
| 6. MISS MAY CROUCHER, COUSIN OF SIR JOHN KNILL. | 14. MISS HILDA WATTS, NIECE OF LADY KNILL. |
| 7. MISS HACKER, DAUGHTER OF W. HACKER, ESQ., C.C. | 15. MISS ELSIE BOWLES, DAUGHTER OF F. D. BOWLES, ESQ., J.P., C.C. |
| 8. MISS LILY ARNOULD, NIECE OF W. G. BARNES, ESQ., C.C. | 16. MISS SQUIRE, DAUGHTER OF H. P. SQUIRE, ESQ., C.C. |

The number of Maids-of-Honour in attendance on Lady Knill, the new Lady Mayoress of London, at the Lord Mayor's Show yesterday, was considerably larger than usual, a fact which made the occasion all the more interesting. It was arranged that the Lady Mayoress, attended by her Maids-of-Honour, should join the procession at the Royal Courts of Justice.

Photographs by Illustrations Bureau and Speaight.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

By E. F. S. (Monocle)

The Dramatic Duel.

"They order these things, I said, better in France." If the Government were to give me a five-pound note for everytime that this hackneyed quotation has been used in journalism I would gladly bung up my quill with a bit of cork and never use it again, except in coarse-fishing, and perhaps in angling—on certain streams—for the tender-mouthed grayling. Still, Sterne's phrase came into my mind on reading an account of the Bernstein-Chevassu duel, which took place at the time when Mr. George Edwardes was quarrelling with the *Westminster Gazette*. It arose out of a criticism, by M. Chevassu, in the *Figaro*, which the dramatist did not like, and resulted in an affair of pistols and umbrellas—for the weather was unsympathetic. The critic aimed too high—thank goodness a few of the dramatic critics do aim high—and Mr. Bernstein did not fire at all. Really, if this is M. Bernstein's method of duelling, I shall have courage enough to express my opinion about those of his plays that I have not already criticised. The revival in this country of single combat might settle some troublesome questions. Mr. Edwardes and Captain Basil Hood thought the criticism of "H. A. S." on "The Dollar Princess" malicious; consequently the papers got flooded with letters. Mr. Edwardes salved his wounded honour by withdrawing his advertisements from the *Westminster Gazette*, and did not invite its dramatic critic to see "The Servant in the House." Poor Captain Hood was confined to writing a letter or two. How much simpler and more entertaining if the aggrieved gentlemen had sent their seconds to "H. A. S."! The duel could have been carried out at Brooklands Park, the profits should have been given to the Actors' Benevolent Fund. I presume the sporting critics, and not the dramatic, would have represented the Press. The simple-minded may think a duel with three principals rather complicated, and indeed the word, from a mere etymological point of view, is confined to a combat between two people; but dear Captain Marryat had no difficulty in arranging it in "Midshipman Easy" by adopting a triangular formation. Mr. Edwardes would have fired at "H. A. S." and "H. A. S." at the gallant Captain and the gallant Captain at Mr. Edwardes; everybody would have had a shot for his money, and if anything serious had happened a tactful coroner's jury, with a knowledge of modern duelling, would have brought in a verdict of "death by misadventure." How preferable to giving free copy to newspapers! How infinitely better than feeding lawyers by libel actions! Perhaps some of the critics are not exactly fighting men. Yet so far as I can judge, they would hold

their own, despite the weakness of the military for writing plays, and in an extreme case we might call in as substitute that terrible fellow "The Dwarf of Blood," whose witness-box name is, I believe, Colonel Newnham - Davis. Some disadvantages might attend a system of settling by the duello disputes concerning criticisms: it certainly would have one great advantage. The direct injury, if any, would be sustained by the principals. Now, the inconvenience of excluding the critic as a punishment is that it extends too far. The criminal may shed no tears at being forced to spend his evening at his home or his club instead of in the playhouse; the editor has no trouble in filling the vacant space with thrilling "copy" about the Budget; the manager would possess an empty seat for sale or at the disposal of some first-night dead-head. What about the players? They would suffer. People sneer at talk about the power of the Press, yet I think that no player who has not reached the dignity of being a popular favourite has any doubt as to its influence. If we, as a body, say nothing about Mr. X or Miss Y, how is the public to know that he or she made a "hit"? Box-office returns draw no distinctions; first-night applause proves little; the opinion of the great mass of playgoers is speechless save through the Press—one may go further and say through the *London Press*, since, as a broad proposition, provincial Press criticism only counts locally. Moreover, a large number of provincial dramatic critics are so full of sweetness

that their blame is scarcely distinguishable from their praise, and their commendations carry little weight. There is something pathetic and comic, too, about the way in which

the *London Press* "discovers" actors or actresses who have long enjoyed great reputations in the provinces. How would Londoners discover them, or, at least, announce the discovery in a manner useful to them, if we did not "discover" them first and publish an account of our discoveries? As a rule, no doubt with exceptions, one of the most valuable chattels of the aspiring player is a volume or series of volumes of Press-cuttings. There is an American story—for the falsehood of which I can vouch—of a theatre on fire, of the leading man fighting his way through the crowd and firemen and dashing into the flames, of strong men fainting, and women having hysterical fits at the thought that he had gone, at awful risk, to rescue the leading lady, and of his reappearance, after an awful period of



MISS ELLEN TERRY AND HER HUSBAND AT HOME: MR. AND MRS. JAMES CAREW AT SMALLHYTHE, KENT.

The cherub seen in the photograph (together with the old pillar of which it is a part) was removed from a house in the neighbourhood.

Photograph by Ridley.



Pierre (Mr. C. H. Workman). Sergeant Frederico (Mr. Frank Perfit). Gustave (Mr. Reginald Lawrence).

A NEW SCENE IN "THE MOUNTAINEERS": THE DUEL BETWEEN PIERRE, CHIEF CUSTOM-HOUSE OFFICIAL, AND GUSTAVE, CUSTOM-HOUSE OFFICER.

The photograph shows one of the new "bits of business" introduced into "The Mountaineers," which is being given at the Savoy.—[Photograph by Dover Street Studios.]

suspense, with burnt clothes, singed hair, and blackened, beaming countenance, clasping passionately in his arms—his rescued book of Press-cuttings.

A LILY AS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.



A FLOWER THAT TAKES THE FORM OF THE FACE OF A MURDERED AMERICAN PRESIDENT:
THE MCKINLEY LILY ON EXHIBITION.

As may easily be seen, this lily forms a very remarkable portrait of William McKinley, twenty-fourth President of the United States, who was murdered by Czolgosz, in 1901, and was succeeded by Mr. Roosevelt. When our photograph was taken the flower was on exhibition in California.

Photograph by A. Inkersley.



AFTER DINNER

By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

Microscopic Mary. Micro-organisms ought to rise as one microbe in protest against a threatened invasion of their privacy. The man with the cinematograph is after them, to record with his instrument every action of their lives. It was bound to come, for scientists have been too long navying with microbes not to take advantage of an aid of this sort. Tyndall once discovered a new microbe in water, and night and day, week after week, keen microscopists did sentry-go round the vessel in which the little stranger was placed. They had coloured the water, so that if the unwilling guest swallowed anything, then, being itself colourless, the passage of the tinted fluid into its interior would be betrayed. Then they would know if the microbe had a Little Mary. Bestomached, it must be animal; otherwise, it was vegetable. That was when they wanted the uninvented cinematograph.

To the Rescue. The present is not the first time that the *Illustrated London News*—concerning whose photograph of the alleged Leonardo wax bust all the world has been talking—has thrown a bombshell into the camp of art and science. Over sixty years ago it rather staggered humanity, which was gaping wonderstruck at what it believed to be a veritable sea-serpent. It was no half serpent, but was 114 feet in length, had titanic skull and jaws, and flappers good enough for a cachalot. It had been brought to this country—skeletonised, of course—by an ingenious Dr. Koch, who roused all Europe with it. Here, he said, was the skeleton of a first-class sea-serpent, which he chose to call *Hydrarchos Sillimani*. All the world wondered, till out came the *Illustrated*, to show that the so-called sea-serpent was a gorgeous fake. Good man Koch had been all over Alabama and South Carolina, redeeming from the greensand bones of extinct *Zeuglodon*s, and had pieced them together to fashion a sea-serpent.

The Hidden Secret. Talking of wax, one is reminded of a curious discovery made in regard to works painted by Hilton, known to Liverpool art-lovers as well as to frequenters of the National Gallery. His pictures had a habit of "running," so that while a man's hat would gradually slide down to where his knees should be, his legs would walk right out of the picture. His "Finding of the Dead Body of Harold," which came to

Fallen Angels.

If comparative anatomists had done their duty, there would have been no need for the recent discussion as to the sex of angels. It ought all to have been settled long ago by simple demonstration. That, at any rate, is the thought brought to mind in recalling a little debate between Huxley and a good, dear clergyman, who by some means happened to be a member of a scientific society to which Huxley also belonged. The great biologist had been describing to the meeting recent important fossils which the generous toil of science-lovers had brought to light. Then up spoke the valiant innocent. "I protest," he bleated, "that it is wrong to disturb the bones of the Silurian Period. They may be the bones of fallen angels who fell into the slime after the Deluge! Huxley, who might have supplied the adequate answer had the remark come from Soapy Sam, was silent. "I treated him as the only honest man present; he believed, while the rest of us only speculated," Huxley afterwards explained. And the stony "angels" passed unexamined.



GETTING READY TO FLY IN THE FACE OF THE COMMONS?
THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER AS AVIATOR.

Signs are not wanting, Mr. Lloyd-George will be interested to note, that the Dukes are either taking to flight or preparing to fly in the face of the Commons. At Mourmelon-le-Grand the other day the Duke of Westminster enjoyed his first experience of aviation as a passenger in Mr. Farman's aeroplane. They flew about five miles at an average height of fifty feet, rising once to about seventy feet. The Duke was immensely pleased with his first flight. "I have done automobile racing," he said, "motor-boat racing, and, in fact, have gone in for every kind of sport, but this beats everything I have ever tried." The Duke has been learning to fly at Chalons, under the tuition of Mr. Farman.—[Photograph by Rol.]

'Ware Coons.

Uncle Sam is going to spank his sons who have been "playing 'possum" with his post-bags. President Taft has taken his post-prandial oath that he does not care a hang for 'possum, on paws or on toast, yet his admirers send him specimens alive and dead, and the former gnaw up the Republic's mails. It will be coons next, and they are like 'possums, only more so. Rossetti had one which used to break bounds, shuffle with soft pad-padding about the house o' nights, and make his respectable widowed landlady believe that the wraith of her departed spouse was revisiting the scene of



AN ULTRA-FASHIONABLE
WEDDING IN MADAGASCAR: A REMARKABLE PROCESSION AT TANANARIVO—
THE BRIDE AND HER FATHER, AND WEDDING
GUESTS BEING CARRIED IN PROCESSION IN CHAIRS
SLUNG FROM POLES.

The wedding was the most remarkable known in Madagascar. The bridegroom was Dr. Robert, of the French Navy; the bride, Mlle. Vaysse, daughter of the Chief Medical Officer of the island. A feature of the ceremony was the procession of the bride and wedding guests in chairs, slung from poles, carried by negroes. In the photograph, the bride may be seen in the first chair, with her father at her side; behind, are the bride's mother, and the General Commanding the Forces in the island; in the third chair is Mme. Aigan, escorted by an officer of the Army of Occupation.

the National Gallery with the Vernon Collection, went the usual way, and an expert in restoring found that the artist had used asphaltum, which never set right down to the canvas, but would "run" on the least atmospheric provocation. But in this mixture he found also a mysterious light-brown substance, which he caused to be analysed. It was neither more nor less than mutton-fat! Hilton had been driven in his poverty to the cheapest shops for his materials, and the shopman had adulterated the wax for the palette with a chunk of mutton-suet. Hence the trouble at the National Gallery.

his terrestrial joys. That fear of his landlady's Rossetti could perchance have borne, but when the coon got into his study and chewed the manuscripts of his unpublished poems to bits, he loathed the whole marsupial order. Poets whose rejected manuscripts do not return from the editor may be disposed to believe that the depredations of raccoons and opossums are not confined to private houses.

SO LOW !



THE MAN WITH THE GUN: Most extraordinary! I've shot him more than nine times, but it doesn't stop his screeching!

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



The Sexton Told
the Bell—for Hamlet,
not Ophelia.

At Longridge, a small village near Preston, they were announced to play "Hamlet" at the village hall, in spite of the fact that the male members of the company numbered, all told, only five. As there was no scenery, they used photographer's backings and screens, which were borrowed from the sexton's brother, the local photographer, while the orchestra consisted of a piano, lent at the request of the sexton by the vicar. Complimentary tickets were sent to the sexton and his family, including the photographer brother. As everyone knows, the cast is long, and in consequence of the smallness of the company Mr. Lawson was called upon to emulate the Shakespearean dictum and play many parts. He appeared as Horatio, and incidentally spoke the lines of Marcellus and Bernardo; then he changed to Polonius; a cloak transformed him into the Second Actor, and in addition he had to play the Gravedigger and Osric, while between the acts he was metamorphosed into the orchestra and "obliged" at the piano. Although the village audience got a trifle mixed as to who Mr. Lawson was at a given moment, all went well until the Grave Scene, when, by an unfortunate accident, the whiskers and wig he wore made him look something like the local sexton to whom the scenery and piano were due. The curtain had just gone up on the act, and Mr. Lawson had asked, "Is she to be buried in Christian burial?" when the sexton rose in his wrath from his seat in the body of the hall and protested in forcible terms against the caricature of himself, declaring he had never been so insulted in his life, and threatening Mr. Lawson with the stocks, or something worse. The actor-manager stepped to the front of the stage and explained that the words were Shakespeare's. In vain. Without more ado the sexton and his brother marched to the stage and proceeded to dismantle it of the photograph screens and backings. Then they carried off the piano to the village school-room, with the result that the play came to an inglorious conclusion. What happened to the company afterwards it is impossible to say, for Mr. Lawson concluded he had had enough of it, and that night he walked home to Blackpool to receive a painful welcome from his parents.

Losing Blood by
Proxy.

Miss Esmé Beringer—who is playing in "The Boys," by Mr. Henry Seton, at the Coronet this week, and who will produce at the Metropolitan Music Hall next Monday a play by Mr. Morley Roberts (his first) and Mr. Henry Seton—is one of the most accomplished fencers on

Mr. John Lawson, who is at present touring in "The Monkey's Paw," in the days of his youth was stage-struck and ran away from school to join the company of a travelling tragedian.



MR. W. W. JACOBS' "MONKEY'S PAW" AS A MUSIC-HALL SKETCH; MR. JOHN LAWSON (OF "ONLY A JEW" AND OTHER FAME) AS MR. WHITE.

It will be remembered that when a one-act version of Mr. W. W. Jacobs' "A Monkey's Paw" was produced some time ago, Mr. Cyril Maude played Mr. White.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield

the stage. A few months ago, in a sketch at the Palace Theatre, she had to do a fight with a rapier and a dagger, her antagonist being her brother. This kind of duel is really dangerous, even on the stage, and those who participate in it often get wounded. One night Miss Beringer got hit on the forehead with a rapier. Instinctively she put her hand up to the spot, but the next moment she had to use it in the fight. Then, as she looked down, she saw her cuff was saturated with blood. To give up the fight because of a wound and spoil the effect of the sketch was the last thing she dreamt of doing, so she fought the fight to the bitter end, and the curtain came down amid tumultuous applause. As it fell Miss Beringer held out her hand and said to her brother in a weak voice: "I think I am going to faint." Her brother caught hold of her hand. "I wouldn't do that if I were you," he replied. "It's my blood on your cuff, not your own." She looked at his hand and saw that she had pretty well cut it open.

Conductor, Composer, Orchestra,
Rolled into One.

Mr. Joseph Holbrooke (the composer of "Pierrot and Pierrette," which is to be produced at His Majesty's Theatre tomorrow, Thursday, afternoon) will, by the very incongruity of his surroundings, be reminded of his first experience with an orchestra in a theatre. It happened while he was still in his teens that he saw, in a theatrical paper, an advertisement that a conductor was wanted for a small band of ten to start with a "fit-up" pantomime company in Spalding. He applied for the post and got it. The salary was £1 a week. When he reached Spalding, he found the band consisted really of three—a cornet, a violin, and a piano, and he was expected to be pianist as

well as conductor. In addition, he was told that he was to compose the music for the pantomime. Happily, he had had a great deal of training in writing songs for music-hall singers, and he was thus able to turn out the "music" (?) which was required. After the pantomime had been acted for a week, the proprietor decamped and left the company without any money. Mr. Holbrooke was absolutely penniless, for he had given a week's rehearsal free, and as it was his first engagement, unlike the actors, he did not know



PRACTISING THAT FIERCE LOOK! MR. LEWIS WALLER REHEARSING EXPRESSIONS BEFORE A MIRROR.

enough to borrow half a week's salary in advance. The players decided to keep on as a limited liability company, and the railway company took them on to the next town on credit, sending a man with them, and as people paid to go into the hall, he took the cash on its behalf. It was on that tour that Mr. Holbrooke orchestrated "The Raven," which he soon after sent to Sir August Manns, of the Crystal Palace, where it was eventually produced under the bâton of that famous conductor.

LESS THAN KIN AND MORE THAN KIND.



MARIA'S WORSE HALF: It's all very well, M'ria, to be so 'fectionate to me now, but you shaid I was tosshicated, you know you did!

DRAWN BY H. RADCLIFFE-WILSON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

Mr. Ross's Puns.

I was always an apologist for puns, never having been able to understand why so ancient and universal a form of wit should be abandoned at the arbitrary dictation of Dr. Johnson or anyone else. Why do people always groan when anyone makes a pun, whether it be good or bad? Once they see that it is a pun, most people do that; there have been a good many mere puns issued which have been treated reverently because people were told they were epigrams. I do not propose, however, to write another essay on puns, or to discuss whether "Is that your own hare or a wig," be a good pun or not. I said that I was an apologist for puns only because I did not want Mr. Robert Ross to think me prejudiced when I say that he makes too many of them. His "Masques and Phases" (Humphreys), begins with a pun in its title, not a very good one, I think, and goes on to a great many more, some very good, some indifferent. Just too many, in my opinion, and had the book been less witty and generally delightful than it is they would have rather oppressed me. A pun in a definition or to clinch an argument is very well. But if one knows that a pun is sure to be coming along soon, one is rather scared, and looks out for it anxiously, and one's attention may wander from a story or an argument. It is only a mannerism, and one is always loth to quarrel with mannerisms in an author who, like Mr. Ross, is individual and very much himself; but I think he should pass his puns under a severer scrutiny.

His Wit and Wisdom. On the whole, I like him best in his more serious moments, though he appeals to me always. The lecture, "There is no decay," at the end of the book expresses a sanely hopeful view of the arts, and is full of good things, well put. There is a delicate and interesting study of Aubrey Beardsley, and another of Simeon Solomon, that brilliant painter whose early work was praised by Thackeray, and who lived to sell matches in the streets. There have been sadder stories—for the vicious who indulge their vices are not the most unhappy of mankind, however low they fall, nor the most to be pitied—but few stories more startling in their vicissitudes. Then there is an essay, facetious and mocking, but with some truth in it, on what is generally called "the Oxford manner," which Mr. Ross calls the "brand of Isis." Oxford men who, were not at Balliol usually call it the Balliol manner, by the way, and it certainly does not mark all Oxford men; at least, I hope not, being one myself. Then Mr. Ross gives us some amusing stories of artistic forgeries, a subject which seems to attract him, and an essay or two on collections he has made of the absurd

in poetry and prose. Here is a verse from a poem written in a lunatic asylum: he vouches, I think, for its authenticity—

His hair is red and blue and white,
His face is almost tan,
His brow is wet with blood and sweat,
He steals from where he can,
And looks the whole world in the face—
A drunkard and a man.

Fine, is it not? Mr. Ross claims a "vein of high seriousness" for his jesting, and, no doubt, with truth; still, I think the mere "skits," like "Some Doctored Dilemma," less happy than the graver work. It is a delightful book, however, and one to read more than once.



THE LANDLADY (summoned by groans): Oh, Sir, you do look bad. Shall I send for a doctor?

THE LODGER (who has had a wild night at the club): No! get a snake-charmer.

DRAWN BY HARRY LOWE.

Mrs. Norton. "The Life of Mrs. Norton," by Miss Jane Gray Perkins (Murray), revives a name which once was famous, but seems to be forgotten now, except by lovers of letters and memoirs, like the present writer. At least I have found that several people of my acquaintance had never heard of her. She is probably best remembered as the original of Meredith's "Diana of the Crossways." Meredith made the mistake of believing the story that she sold the secret of Sir Robert Peel's intention to repeal the Corn Laws to the *Times*, for which there was no foundation at all, and, when the mistake was pointed out to him, pronounced that the novel was to be taken as mere fiction. There is no doubt, however, that Mrs. Norton's character and history appear pretty faithfully as he saw them. But she deserves to be remembered for her own sake as one of the most brilliant members of the brilliant Sheridan family, perhaps the most brilliant after the great Richard Brinsley himself, whose granddaughter

she was. She was a voluminous writer of songs, poems, and novels, mostly forgotten, though the song about the Arab steed—"My beautiful, my beautiful"—may still be heard. She was most unhappily married, and that, indeed, was the most obvious reason of her notoriety, for her husband brought a false and disproved accusation against her and Lord Melbourne, the Prime Minister, and was for ever quarrelling with her in public for the rest of his life. She pleaded against the unjust laws which then governed married women with great eloquence, and ultimately with success; she was the friend of the most distinguished men, and, not least, she was one of the most beautiful women of her time. All this, surely, makes up a personality worth remembering. Miss Perkins's book is very well done, and contains some charming portraits. N. O. I.

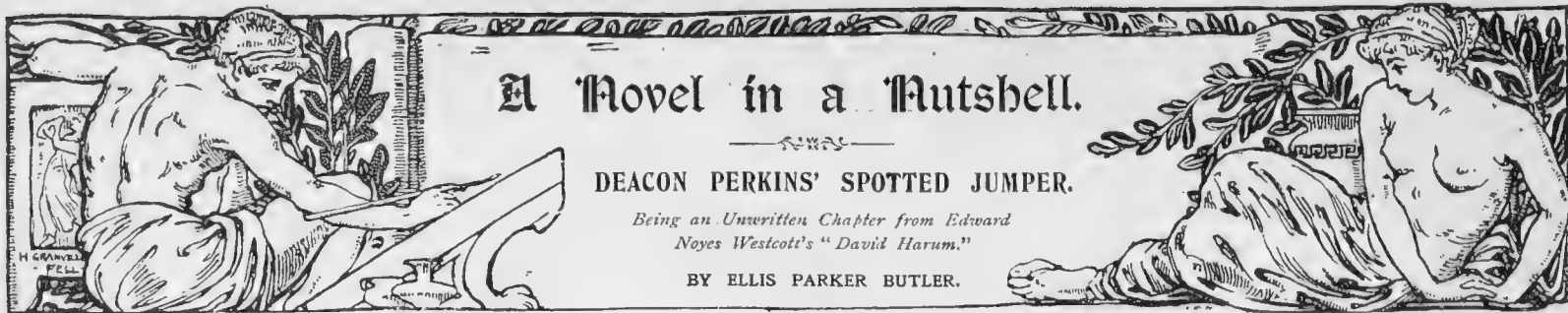
THE LODGER: HIS JUST COMPLAINT.



THE "KIND LADY": You clear off, or I'll set the dog at you.

THE TRAMP: Ah, 'ow deceptive is 'uman natur'. Fer two nights I've slept in yer barn, eaten of yer poultry, an' drunk of yer cider, and now yer treats me as an utter stranger.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



I MIGHT, in conclusion, tell how John's further life in Homeville was of comparatively short duration, and how David Harum died of injuries received in a runaway accident, but I prefer to tell the truth about David Harum, as he told it to John.

"Scat my——" said David, when the physician had left the room, but his voice was feeble, and lacked its customary hearty tone. "Well, I dunno, but it's time I was slippin' my halter, as you might say, anyways, seein' as I got distanced in my own class. Fact is, John, this here is a plain, ord'ny case of soocide. Don't you go an' say nothin' t' Polly 'bout it, though. It's li'ble t' put her off her feed."

"You may trust me," said John, yawning. "I come of one of the best New York, N. Y., families, and my tooth-brush has a solid silver handle."

"I always knowed you was the real thing," said David. "You seen Dekin Perkins lately?"

There was a manifest interest in David's voice as he asked this.

"I saw him this mornin'," John answered.

"How was th' old codger lookin'?" asked David anxiously.

"I merely caught a glimpse of him," said John, "but he was wearing a smile that spread across his face, under his ears, around the back of his head, and was tied in a bow-knot at the back; and his eyes had a glad, triumphant look."

"He soaked me in a hoss trade, that's why," explained David, "an' when a man beats Dave Harum at his own game I guess he's got a right t' grin, whether he's got store teeth or not. I never no more expected any man 'd beat me at a hoss trade than that th' Hudson River 'd flow up th' side o' Bunker Hill monnymint; but th' Dekin done it! He done it, an' right from that minute I fell into this decline. You can tell anyone as wants t' know that Dave Harum died of a broken heart. Or of chagrin. I guess, come right down t' brass tacks, that's what most broken hearts is, anyways."

"Tell me about it," said John gently, knowing that was the only way to get the story into the book.

"Well, I dunno as I mind," said David. "You remember that skinny-lookin' spotted hoss I got from 'Lizer Howe? I traded 'Lizer a wheelbarrer with a dished fore-wheel for the spotted hoss, an' I figgered th' wheelbarrer had cost me seventy-five cents., so I was holdin' th' hoss for twenty dollars, aimin' t' make only a fair hoss-trader's profit. The hoss wasn't no good, anyway. It was about as poor a piece of hoss-flesh as I ever sot eye on."

"I remember it well," said John. "When it stood alone it had to be propped up on each side with a clothes-pole."

"That was th' hoss," said David. "An' I done a good job of paintin' on them clothes-poles, paintin' them with spots t' match th' hoss. Twenty feet off them poles merged into th' general color-scheme of that hoss—so pretty that you couldn't see they was there. From twenty feet off it looked like th' hoss was standin' alone by his own leg-power, as you might say."

"I might not say it just that way," said John.

"Well, no," agreed David. "You'd prob'ly say it more stylish. But along come Dekin Perkins an' sees the hoss. 'What you aimin' t' do with that ol' crow-bait, Dave?' he says. I looks at th' hoss sort o' considerin'-like. 'Well,' I says, 'I dunno, Dekin. I'm sort o' thinkin' o' skinnin' him an' makin' a parlour-rug of his hide. But I ain't partic'lar. If some dumb fool comes along an' offers me fifty dollars fer him just as he stands,' I says, 'I might be 'tempted t' sell him. 'Twould break Polly's heart t' have t' go on puttin' up with th' ingrain carpet in th' parlour, but 'twould save me th' trouble o' skinnin' him.' At that, th' Dekin leans his arms on th' fence. 'Well, Dave,' he says, 't' save ye th' trouble, an' as a special faver t' ye, I'll give ye four dollars for th' hoss, just as he stands.' So we went on, back an' f'oth, until I'd come down t' twenty an' th' Dekin had come up t' th' same figger, an' so we made a deal out of it."

"And he took th' horse?" asked John indolently.

"Yep, he took th' hoss," said David. "'Dekin,' I says, 'I'm a square man when it comes t' a hoss trade, an' I've got your twenty dollars in my pocket, an' I'll do th' square thing by ye—I'll throw in th' clothes-props.' Well, scat my——! I nigh bust myself laughin' when I see th' look that come over th' Dekin's face. But he took th' props, sure enough, th' mean ol' skinfint!"

"I don't see but what you had the best of the deal, after all," said John. "If you got twenty dollars——"

"Hol' on!" exclaimed David; "hol' on! I ain't through yet. You know that Verjoos gal—Claricy Verjoos? 'T hadn't been but a couple o' days when she come sort o' sidlin' round t' my office, an' she lets on her an' her sister had got up a hunt club, an' nothin' w'u'd do but she must buy a jumper. 'Lan' sakes, Claricy,' I says, 'what in hemlock d' you want a jumpin' hoss fer? I c'n understand a pusson wantin' a horse t' trot, or t' pace, or t' gallop, if needs be an' they're so inclined; but t' want a hoss t' jump! Why, if so be I had a horse that was a jumper, I'd set right t' work t' cure him of it, same as I w'u'd a balker or a cribber.' 'T that she looks at me

sort o' funny. 'Why, Dave,' she says, 'you got a hoss right now that looks like a jumper, an' I bet you don't know it.' On'y she didn't say 'bet.' I was some dumfounded at that. 'You kin search me, Claricy,' I says, an' at that she laughs fit t' kill."

"And what did you say?" asked John inanely.

"I says, 'All you got t' do is t' show me.' An' then she sort o' began haul off t' th' side o' th' road, as you may say. 'Well, anyways,' she says, 'you did have one that looked like a jumper fr'm a distance. I seen him tied in your stable-yard a couple o' days ago. A spotted hoss,' she says. 'A-hum!' I says, sort of thoughtful-like. 'Th' spotted hoss, hey? Well, come t' think of it, th' spotted hoss may be something of a jumper. 'Bout how much would you reckon t' pay fer th' spotted hoss if he was a jumper?' You see, John, I figgered like th' man did with his good-fer-nawthin' dog; that spotted hoss wasn't good fer a trotter, an' it wasn't good fer a pacer, an' it wasn't good fer a walker, fer I'd tried him at all them things; an' he wasn't good as a stander neither, fer I had to prop him up; so I guessed he just natchully must be a good jumper. I hadn't tried him at jumpin'. So Claricy just sort of spoke up off-hand; 'I'll give two hundred dollars, or pa will, fer th' spotted hoss if he can ne-goshyate a five-bar fence.' That looked fair. 'You mean jump it?' I says. 'Yep,' she says. 'Well,' I says, 'that spotted hoss ain't much of a looker, an' he sort o' runs t' bones, mostly.' I reckoned that might make a difference. But no, Sir. 'Dave,' she laughed, 'I guess you don't know much about jumpers, now, do you? Jumpers is most all hombly an' skinny. All that's nes'ary in a jumper is th' jump.' So I sort o' stood her off, an' tol' her to come back a little later in th' week. I said I didn't have th' spotted hoss right handy just then, an' she went away satisfied."

"But, after all, she bought the horse from Deacon Perkins," said John.

"Whoa up!" said David. "Don't you be goin' so fast or you'll bust a trace! No, Sir; she didn't buy the hoss off of th' Dekin. I sot 'round until she had got out o' sight, an' then I sent out a message for Dick Larrabee t' come t' th' offis to once. When he come I sort o' hummed an' hawed awhile like I always do, an' passed th' time o' day, an' then I got down t' business. I most gen'ally use Dick when I got any ticklish business on hand. 'Dick,' I says, 'you know that dumbfounded ole spotted bag o' hoss-skeleton I sold t' th' Dekin th' other day?' He sort o' grinned. 'I know o' it,' he says. 'Well,' I says, 'I sort o' feel lost without that animile. I feel like I'd lost a permanunt feature o' th' landscape since he ain't propped up on my lawn any more. I wonder if th' Dekin could be persuaded to part with th' spotted hoss?' Dick he grinned again. 'What was you reckonin' t' offer fer th' hoss, Dave—real money?' he asks. 'Well, yes, if nes'ry,' I says, 'I'll go so far as t' offer real money. I feel bad about that hoss. I'm afraid Dekin won't treat him kind. S'pose you go around an' sort o' feel th' Dekin's pulse. Say you heard that hoss was a jumper, an' that you heard Dave Harum was lookin' fer a jumper, an' that if that hoss can jump a five-bar fence you think mebbe Dave might be willin' t' give a piece o' real money for th' critter. An' say,' I says, as he was goin' out: 'Tell th' Dekin th' only thing nes'ry is fer th' hoss to do th' jump.'"

"I see," said John.

"I figgered," said David, "that if th' Dekin hadn't already took th' tarnation ole wreck o' ages out in the back lot an' shot him I c'u'd git him fer about five dollars, which w'u'd pummit me t' make a clean profit o' one hundred an' ninety-five, which w'u'd be a putty fair deal all round. But when Dick come back he said th' Dekin didn't seem noways anxious to sell. He said th' Dekin told him it was supprisin' how that hoss had picked up since he bought him—an' I knew that was a lie—an' that Dick needn't think ev'ry hoss-trader but Dave Harum was a dumb idjit. Th' Dekin let on t' Dick that he had knowed all along that th' spotted hoss was a jumper, an' that that was th' reason he had bought him, an' that he was figgerin' t' ship th' hoss down t' New York next week; but that if Dave Harum was lookin' fer a bang-up jumper he c'u'd have th' spotted hoss fer one hundred an' fifty, cash down."

"Now I do begin to see," said John.

"You wait!" said David. "I wasn't born yestiddy, if I do look childish. I don't figger ever t' buy a trotter 'till I know he can trot, an' I don't figger t' buy no jumper 'till I know he can jump; an' th' way t' find out is t' try th' hoss. So I sent word up t' th' Dekin that we c'u'd chew over th' price later, but I'd like t' try th' jumper at jumpin' fust, an' th' Dekin said that w'u'd be puffedly satisfactory t' him, and that I c'u'd come up Tuesday mornin' an' jump till I was blue in th' face if I wanted to."

"But I thought you never rode horseback," said John.

"No more do I," agreed David. "Never c'd see th' sense on 't. I c'n imagine gettin' on a hoss's back when 'twas either that or walkin'; but to do it fer th' fun o' th' thing's more 'n I c'n understand. But 'business is business,' as I tell Polly, an' I don't 'low

(Continued overleaf.)

nobody t' buy my hosses fer me. If I'm buyin' a trotter I 'low to git in th' buggy an' trot th' critter myself; an' when it comes t' buyin' a jumper I 'low t' get aboard th' hoss and jump th' hoss myself."

"How is your broken leg?" asked John kindly.

"Quite painful, thank ye," said David. "So on Tuesday I got in my buggy an' druv up to th' Dekin's place, an' him an' his two hired hands was all ready t' git down t' business. As I druv up I seen th' spotted hoss staked out in the pasture, an' he was th' same slab-sided old skate he had ever been, sure enough. Th' Dekin hadn't made no pretence o' foolin' me."

"You look pale," said John, as David paused.

"'Tain't nothin' but my collar-bone," said David. "Th' edges where it is busted sort o' grate together whilst I'm talkin'. Soon as I got out o' th' buggy th' Dekin begun t' talk, an' he let on that it beat him how folks c'u'd be sich fools as t' want t' buy any ol' rip of a hoss like that spotted one just because it c'u'd jump; an' I said it looked about like that t' me, but that 'twas none o' our affair so long as th' purchaser went home feelin' satisfied. By that time I had got up t' where th' spotted hoss was propped up, an' I seen right off they was somethin' wrong with th' grass th' hoss was standin' on. It looked like one o' them foot-rugs folks has t' wipe their feet on, but it was a lot bigger. Th' Dekin seen I noticed it, an' he explained that th' spotted hoss was sich a poor stander-up on slippery grass that he had got the rug t' sort of steady his feet, an' that seemed right reasonable. Th' Dekin had built a five-bar fence right afront of th' hoss, handy for him t' jump over from th' rug. I don't think I ever realised before how high a five-bar fence is."

"It is pretty high," said John. "Can I do anything for you?"

"You might just hand me a drink," said David. "Since both my arms got broke I ain't much at waitin' on myself. Well, I sort o' suggested t' th' Dekin that he might take a jump or two fust, just t' show what th' hoss c'u'd do, but he sort o' held back. He said he wasn't buyin' th' hoss; an' as for him, he was well enough satisfied it could jump, and that, anyway, he was gettin' too old to ride hoss-back. So then we went at it hammer an' tongs about th' price, but 'twasn't no use—th' Dekin wouldn't come down a cent, an' I seen I would have t' pay one-fifty or do without. So I come up t' his figger, slow but sure, an' agreed t' pay th' price if th' spotted hoss c'u'd ne-goshyate th' five-bar gate."

"That is a bad cough," said John anxiously.

"Doc says it's because th' fifth rib permeated th' left lung, or words t' that effect," said David. "So when th' price was definitely agreed upon, I got on to th' hoss. I ain't much of a hossback rider," he added apologetically, "nor I hadn't formerly jumped any, but I reckoned I'd do s'well's I c'u'd, so I jammed my heels into th' sides o' th' spotted hoss good an' hard, an' said, 'Huddup! Huddup!' but 'bout th' on'y result I c'u'd see was that I kicked down th' prop on one side, an' th' hoss sort o' toppled over t' that side. I guess I wasn't hurt much, an' when th' Dekin an' his two hired men had pushed th' hoss on to his feet agin an' propped him up, I climbed up agin."

"Well, I don't know much about jumpers, but th' looks o' that spotted hoss was all agin th' notion that he could whoop over that fence. He didn't look like he had enough life in him t' hop over a mashed strawberry, but I was ready fer th' jump if th' hoss was, an' I got my mouth all set t' say 'Huddup!' agin, when th' Dekin spoke up. 'Dave,' he says, 'I guess you don't know much about jumpin' hosses. When you want a hoss t' jump you got t' say "ONE! Two! THREE! Hip!" an' over he goes.' So I looked down at that poor skinny critter, with his head poked between his knees an' his eyes half shet, an' I sort o' laughed an' said 'ONE! Two! THREE! Hip!'"

"Did he jump?" asked John, with interest.

"Well," said David slowly, "th' fust thing I knowed that hoss popped up in th' air, lickety-come-scoot, like he was fired out o' a cannon. Nigh as I c'n figger, he flew up 'bout twenty-five feet, an' turned two somersaults on th' way, an' me an' him come down plunk! 'bout forty feet north by east fr'm where we started."

"That was a jump!" said John.

"Well, mebb'y 'twas, an' mebb'y 'twasn't," said David noncommittally. "'T any rate, 'twas gittin' through th' air putty lively fer a man o' my age an' weight. I was putty much busted up, largely because th' hoss come down on top o' me; but I hed some sense left, an' it didn't seem t' me that a hoss of that sort *could* jump like that. I suspicioned that th' Dekin had put up some kind o' job on me, but I couldn't see just what; but th' way I heard him talkin' t' them hired men o' hisn, about how they'd turned on too much power, sort o' set me thinkin', an' when he come over an' asked how I liked th' jumper I said I guessed he might turn out all right, but I wasn't quite satisfied yet that he'd do th' party I had in mind, an' I guessed I'd try him again. Th' Dekin hemmed an' hawed, an' said a hoss like that couldn't stand t' make many such jumps in one day; that th' strain on a hoss was somethin' terrible, an' I sensed that all right, but I said I guessed if I c'u'd stand it th' hoss c'u'd too. So th' Dekin an' his men took th' hoss by th' four legs an' toted him over t' th' rug again, an' propped him up with th' two-by-fours; an' then they come over an' got me, an' carried me over an' propped me on th' back o' th' hoss with a couple o' long scantlin's. I never seen such a discouraged hoss as that there one was, judgin' by his looks. I was some discouraged myself. I ain't no horseback rider, but I guessed I c'u'd go wherever that hoss did."

"And did you?" asked John.

"Yes, I went," said David. "I give th' word, an' we went flyin'. 'Peared t' me th' hoss didn't have no sort o' control over hisself. Mebb'y, jumpers is that way. Soon's I give th' word, he rose up, hind end fust, an' went turnin' end over end, like a club ye throw at a chicken, an' I guess he 'rose forty feet straight up in th'

air that time. For a jump, it was a mighty high jump—'bout as high as I'd care t' go on a hoss that's li'ble t' light any end up; but s' soon as we begun comin' down, I begun t' chuckle, for I seen I had th' best o' th' Dekin that time—we wasn't goin' over th' five-bar fence at all; we was headed plumb for it! Well, Sir, me an' that hoss busted that five-bar fence like it was made o' maccarooni! An' I take most o' th' credit t' myself, too, fer all th' hoss did was t' foller along after I'd broke through. But he come right behind me. Lit plump atop o' me. Fer a thin hoss he was some heavy."

"I'll wager you had a good laugh at the Deacon," said John.

"Well, I laughed all I could," said David, "but I stopped putty short, too, when I heard what th' Dekin was sayin' t' his hired men. 'Consarn ye!' he was sayin', 'I told ye t' turn on less power, an' ye went an' turned on more!' I guessed right then what th' job was th' old skeesicks had fixed up on me, puttin' some kind o' spring power under that rug t' hist th' hoss into th' air, an' I declare it got my dander up! He come over t' me an' he says, 'Dave, I hope you'll excuse th' hoss fer playin' that trick on ye. I see ye don't just know how t' handle a jumper. When ye start him t' jump ye want t' hist his head up a mite with th' bridle, an' give him a kick at th' same time. He's a leetle mite skittish.' Well, he didn't look skittish t' me, an' that's a fact, layin' there atop o' me like a bag o' bones; ner I didn't feel skittish, neither, but I wasn't goin' t' let an ole rascal like th' Dekin git th' best of me. All I wanted was sure proof th' Dekin was playin' th' trick I thought he was, so I says, 'Well, colts will be colts, an' I guess we'll have t' have another try!'"

"For mercy's sake!" cried John.

"Well, ye can call it that if ye want to, but it didn't just strike me that way," said David dryly. "Fust off th' Dekin objected, because th' fence was busted, but I'm one that gen'ally has his way, an' I made him build th' fence up agin, an' then his hired men toted th' spotted hoss over t' th' rug an' tried t' stand him up, but all th' stand-up was played out. Two-by-fours wouldn't hold him up. 'Well,' says th' Dekin, when they'd tried it a spell, 'this hoss c'n jump just as well lyin' down, anyway. Just lie him on th' rug, boys.' So they done that, head t' th' fence, an' then they come an' got me. I guess I wasn't no more fit t' ride a jumper than I had been, fer this time I couldn't sit up at all. They fussed around awhile tryin' t' prop me up, but I was too limp all over t' set up, so th' Dekin says, 'Well, I guess Dave c'n ride just as well lyin' down, anyway. Just lie him on top o' th' hoss, boys.' So they done that, head t' th' fence. Scat my—"

"What is it?" asked John.

"The minute I was layed out there I heard th' gasolene motor palpitatin' under that rug! I was as pleased as a two-year-old in a bean-field! I seen I had th' Dekin caught shore enough, an' I grinned when I said the words 'ONE! Two! THREE! Hip!' I guess I must have laughed right out, I was that tickled. Fact is, I guess I laughed so hard I rolled off th' hoss, fer me an' th' hoss didn't proceed together so unified as we had before. Th' hoss sort o' riz into th' air an' plumped down on 'tother side o' th' fence, like a bag o' lead shot, but me, bein' lighter, went quite a considerable more distance. I don't brag much, but I reckon I riz about one hundred feet, makin' two hundred feet in all, up an' back. I was laughin' at th' Dekin all th' way down, but I ought t' have remembered that th' feller that laughs last is th' one that comes under th' wire laughin'."

"You had to stop laughing when you hit the earth?" asked John.

"I stopped before that," said David. "Ye see, I figgered I'd come down on th' same side o' th' fence I'd started from, an' that way I'd git th' best o' th' Dekin, fer it couldn't be called no jump if th' rider didn't go over th' fence th' same as th' hoss did; but soon as th' Dekin seen where I was goin' t' light, he got all hands t' work an' moved th' fence back, an' it was when I seen that that I quit laughin'. I sort o' lost interest, an' th' next minute I lost consciousness too. You ain't ever fell out of a cloud, hev ye?"

"No," said John.

"Well, don't ye ever," said David. "If ye fall on good solid earth ye've got t' quit talkin' right then, an' th' trip ain't wuth what it costs. When I hit ground I wasn't in no condition t' go on with a hoss trade, by no means, an' right there was where th' Dekin got th' best o' me. He went right on hoss tradin' whilst I was unconscious, an' when I come to, he says: 'Well, Dave, I hope ye'll like th' jumper ye hev bought off of me.' I sort o' grinned. 'Jumper?' I says. 'I ain't bought no jumper.' Th' Dekin laughed. 'Oh yes, ye hev,' he says. 'Ye bought th' spotted jumper, an' ye paid me fer him.' 'T that I felt in my pocket, well's I c'u'd, an' sure enough th' roll o' bills was gone, an' I seen th' Dekin had got th' best o' me in a hoss trade. I relapsed back into unconsciousness."

"I should think you would," exclaimed John.

"Well," said David sadly, "I been peterin' out ever since. I don't seem t' have no ambition t' live since someone's got th' best o' me at a hoss trade."

"But," said John, "could you not have regained your self-respect by selling the spotted jumper to Claricy?"

"Well, I tried that," said David; "but Claricy had gone down t' th' city fer a week, and when she got back th' spotted hoss was buried. When a hoss has been dead a week they ain't no chance o' sellin' it as a jumper. An' I've always tried t' deal fair when sellin' a hoss t' a lady. I don't mind sellin' a partic'lar friend a hoss that's been dead two days, or mebb'y three; but when th' hoss has been dead as long as that spotted hoss had been, I've got conscientious scruples about sellin' it to a friend. An' then, almost any dumb idjit, male or female, c'n tell a hoss is dead when it has been dead a week. I spoke t' Claricy, but nothin' come of it. She said it would hardly be wuth my while t' dig th' hoss up again."

THE END.

AIRY TIPS FOR FLY MEN.



III.—WHEN CROSSING THE CHANNEL, KEEP COOL, AND HAIL YOUR BOAT
AT INTERVALS.



IV.—IT IS IMPORTANT THAT YOU SHOULD KEEP A WATCHFUL EYE ON
YOUR ENGINE.

AVIATION HINTS BY AN EXPERT [ALLEGED].

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

The Derby.

I am afraid his Majesty the King has little or no chance of winning the Derby of 1910, as he has only two horses left in—namely, Orelus, by Orme—Ecila, and Border Prince, by Persimmon—White Lilac; and neither is good enough to carry the royal colours to victory. Mr. Fairie's Lemberg is very likely to become a winter favourite for the race, especially if it is announced that Maher will ride the colt at Epsom. Generally speaking, on the book, Lord Rosebery's Neil Gow has the beating of Mr. Fairie's colt; but the latter is troublesome at the gate, and on that account only he is, not to be trusted. Lord Durham's Rochester, by Rock Sand—Caparison, is also trained by P. Peck, and I am told that the colt is very likely to improve with age. Mr. John Corlett has a candidate in War Lord, who, it will be remembered, ran third for the Gimcrack Stakes. He is by Volodyovski (a Derby winner) from Morne d'Amour, but is too small for the task. Tressady is the best of the Beck-hampton youngsters in the Derby, as, unfortunately, Sunbright is only entered for the St. Leger. Tressady cost Mr. James Buchanan a lot of money, and plenty of people would like to see him win at Epsom. Mr. A. P. Cunliffe's Charles O'Malley was at one time thought to be smart, but he is not of the very best class. Major Loder has a nice colt in Admiral Hawke, but on form he has no chance with Neil Gow. Mr. Leopold de Rothschild has several engaged; I take Catrail and Santa Fina to be the best of his lot. The Duke of Westminster has only three moderate colts left in; and of Mr. Hall Walker's seven I could not mention one that is likely to win. At present it looks as though the Derby rests between Neil Gow and Lemberg, and whichever of the two carries Maher is likely to be successful.

"Kitty." To weather-beaten backers the expenses are known as "kitty," and these just now are approaching to breaking-point. True, many 'cute people have partly solved the difficulty by patronising the cheap ring, and thereby saving 17s. 6d. per day. I am also glad to be able to add that the accommodation in the half-crown enclosures at the majority of the courses is excellent. The covered stands are spacious and waterproof, and the patronage is so great that already we hear of additions to one or two of the cheap stands in the Metropolitan district. I certainly think the management of the Alexandra Park Meeting should build a good stand

in the cheap ring. It would pay them in the long run, as people who are not fond of rain will not go to a meeting at all in doubtful weather unless good shelter is forthcoming.

But to the expenses question. I hope to see the day when free racecards will be the universal rule, and it is almost time for the Southern railway companies to lower the fares to race-meetings. It should be possible to get to and from any meeting within thirty miles of London for half-a-crown, while the first-class return to the Epsom races ought not to exceed that sum. The heavy motor traffic to racecourses shows that the railway companies have at last to fight keen competition, and this could easily be done successfully by running positively cheap trips. All the North of England lines find the cheap-trip system a gold-mine; so would the Southern railways, if they did the thing on an elaborate scale.



FOX, HOUNDS, AND HUNTSMEN UP ALOFT: A REMARKABLE INN SIGN.

The sign spans the main street of the village of Barley, on the Cambridge Road.

Photograph by Lavell.

enterprise displayed by some clerks of courses who complete their programmes and give out the order of running some days before the meetings are set to take place. I think a law should be passed by the Stewards of the Jockey Club making this compulsory in every case. The days of over-night selling races are past and done for. Selling events fill better, and are as a rule more representative, when entries close some days before they are decided; and those officials who rely on filling three races the night before the last day of any meeting are running a great risk, and they often have to abandon at least one of the items.

Another thing I would refer to. When a programme contains one of those foolish weight-for-age races that could not possibly be expected to produce a good race, there should always be seven races, so that backers who are called upon to pay a sovereign admission to Tattersall's Ring could get something like an adequate return for their money. It has too often occurred of late that the last event of the day has resulted in a walk-over, or, what is worse, has gone to a 33 to 1 chance. Thus, when only six races formed the programme, backers were deprived of 16 per cent. of their just dues. If it is necessary to have the sort of races referred to, these should not be introduced at the expense of an equitable card.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



A FIFTY-POUND SALMON!

Mr. E. Saveure, who sends us this photograph, writes:—"This salmon, weighing 50 lb., and in length 4 ft. 1 in., with a circumference round the middle of 2 ft. 9 in., was caught by Major Piper Fraser and C. Lagrue last month with a fly on the river Beauty, near the Black Bridge, Beauford Castle, in Mr. Ogden's water. It took no less than three hours to land."

KEY-NOTES

The Paderewski Symphony.

Dr. Richter's name has been associated on many occasions with the first performance in this country of notable work, so it is quite fitting that M. Paderewski's Symphony should be given to an English audience under his direction, and quite significant that every reserved seat should have been sold by the middle of last week. The great Polish pianist, like the most of his countrymen, is a patriot to the core, and the very considerable work now before the public is stated, on his own authority, to be a tribute in music to Poland. It was outlined some years ago—between five and six, to be exact—and since completion has been heard in America. M. Paderewski, unlike so many composers, is not reluctant to set out before his public the aim and object of his composition. Consequently we know that the Symphony's first movement is intended to express in terms of music Poland's heroic past, though the composer does not invoke the aid of folk-tunes. The lyric nature of the Poles is the theme of the second division, and the symphony's final movement is intended to celebrate the revolution of 1863-4.

The Tonitruone. In addition to composing the music, M. Paderewski has invented an instrument intended to give the effect of distant thunder. This is the tonitruone, and it is needless, perhaps, to add that the stranger is a percussion instrument. The tambour de basque and the sarusophone are other additions to the score with which the concert-goer is seldom troubled. It may be a good idea to add to the strength of the percussion instruments, but living composers have done very well with those that exist. Baron Franchetti, for example, in the last act of his splendid opera "Germania," obtains some remarkable battlefield effects without enlarging the normal resources of the orchestra. But a great artist like M. Paderewski is entitled to devise situations in music that require a special means of expression.

The London Choral Society.

It is always a pleasure to be present when one of our Choral Societies presents a programme that is not dominated by the "Messiah" or "Elijah," very remarkable works both, but rapidly losing the charm of novelty after many years of devoted repetition. "The Dream of Gerontius" has still a certain fragrance of the years in which we live, and interpreted by capable soloists and a choir that combines expression and restraint with a very considerable technical quality, the result is wholly pleasing. Sir Edward Elgar is essentially a writer of religious music; a deep vein of devotion runs through all his serious work, and in "The Dream of Gerontius" he has the very material for which his qualities seem to seek. The work is growing steadily in popularity, and is generally recognised as one of the most outstanding devotional compositions of our time. A new

"symphonic tone-poem; for soli, chorus, and orchestra," by Mrs. Meredith, entitled "Sursum Corda," was also given, and if there is some disposition to criticise severely the work of a new composer, who has still a great many details of her work to master, it is only fair to remember that her composition was set up side by side with the acknowledged masterpiece of a man of no ordinary attainments. The soloists of the evening, Miss Phyllis Lett, Miss Truscott, Mr. Gervase Elwes, and Mr. Thomas Meux, acquitted themselves admirably, and at this time of day it is well-nigh unnecessary to refer to the fine direction of Mr. Arthur Fagge.



A TWO-ACT ENGLISH OPERA AT THE AFTERNOON THEATRE:
MR. W. E. GROGAN, AUTHOR OF "PIERROT AND PIERRETTE," AND
MR. JOSEF HOLBROOKE, THE COMPOSER OF THE MUSIC.

"Pierrot and Pierrette" forms half of the bill to be given at the Afternoon Theatre (His Majesty's) on Thursday, 11th, and on four other afternoons. Mr. Grogan is well known to our readers as a story-writer of very considerable ability. Especial attention has been called to Mr. Holbrooke's work from the fact that among the instruments necessary to the performance of his music for "Pierrot and Pierrette" is a concertina.

Photographs by Foulsham and Bayfield, and Russell and Son.

beauty, notably that of the last act, which is as fitting an accompaniment to piteous tragedy as any the successful composer has written. Mrs. Charles Manners has added the part of La Tosca to her lengthy list of rôles, and those fine artists Joseph O'Mara and Lewys James have appeared as Cavara-dossi and Scarpia. It is to be hoped that Mr. Manners will include "La Tosca" in his programme when he comes next to London. There are several operas of the generation

"La Tosca" in English.

While the Carl Rosa Company has been busy in the Metropolitan adding to the very considerable number of its friends, that indefatigable impresario Mr. Charles Manners has been busy at the Court Theatre in Liverpool, where he has presented Puccini's thrilling opera, "La Tosca," for the first time in an English dress. "La Tosca," like the same composer's "Manon Lescaut," has several passages that thrive best in the decent obscurity of the Italian tongue; but doubtless they have been effectively tempered by the translator, and the opera should make a very effective addition to the repertoire of the Moody-Manners Opera Company, for the drama moves with tremendous rapidity and force, and some of the music is of haunting

before last that it might comfortably displace.

Great Musicians in Scotland.

Glasgow and Edinburgh may not be able to boast such an extraordinary number of orchestral concerts as London can offer to its citizens, but for the series of a dozen that will be inaugurated next week some of the greatest conductors and soloists of our time have been engaged. Among the latter one finds many distinguished names; while the conductors include Dr. Richter,

Safonoff, and Herr Peter Raabe, in addition to Dr. Frederic Cowen. Scotland's contribution to the composers of our own time is no very considerable one, but there is a very great enthusiasm for good music north of the Tweed, and the impresario who presents a fine programme can probably draw support from more classes of the community than his London rival.

COMMON CHORD.



TO THE MUSIC OF THE PIPES: SERVIAN INFANTRYMEN DANCING THE NATIONAL SERVIAN DANCE, ROLO.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Feminine Amenities.

Everyone knows that it is the fashion for modern women to admire one another's appearance—even to excess; and that it is chiefly acid men-about-town who are to be heard adversely criticising a girl's beauty or announcing "the exact age" of their feminine friends. Women in Society have long lost the odious habit of depreciation, and nothing "dates" people more than the uttering of spiteful remarks about their contemporaries, at least about their looks. It is pleasing to find Lady St. Helier, who has seen both periods, decidedly optimistic about the beauty of English-women. In this month's *Harper's Magazine* she roundly declares that the youthful Briton is better looking than her prototype of forty years ago. Moreover, everyone—in manners and self-confidence—is, she thinks, precisely of the same age. "A juvenile grandmother is a common object to-day," while daughters are so carefully trained that they are ready to fill any exalted social position which

may offer itself while they are still in their rosy 'teens. And this keen observer of social types is delighted to find that the young generation are not only "prettier than their grandmothers," but have more robust health, a better carriage, stronger muscles, and a larger dose of self-reliance than the women of the 'sixties.

Other People's Maids.

Among the minor evils of life for women are the ministrations of other people's maids. For some curious reason, these functionaries never hold us in quite the same esteem as do our friends. We do not ask for affection or gratitude—even from the maid we have known longest—but what is chiefly disquieting is her invariable attitude of respectfully veiled criticism. You feel that she is silently appraising the quality of the silk petticoat which she lays, with ceremonious rites, towards dressing-time upon your bed; that she is acutely aware that your silver *batterie de toilette* doesn't all match, and that your second-best hat leaves frantically to be desired. More-

strenuous game of "Hot and Cold" has to be undertaken—quite without help—when you go up to dress for dinner. It seems to be an unwritten law of the servants' hall that only the mistress of the house shall be effectively aided to dress.

Sometimes—indeed, too often—the supply of trained ladies' maids doesn't go round, and then it is the Tweenie, with her clumsy fingers, who drags at your frills and furbelows. Nevertheless, the Tweenie, not being a specialist, is human, and some of us would rather suffer her ministrations than those of the most expert and superior of other people's maids.

Women and the Land.

It is certain that, if any Bill, is brought in to facilitate small ownerships in land, women will largely take to agriculture. In certain parts of England, notably "Wessex," they have always been successful farmers. Mr. Thomas Hardy's Bathsheba is a type of the South-country woman with a nice eye for a sheep or a pig and a fine discrimination in mangel-wurzels. Already they make highly intelligent gardeners, and not a few are ready to sow and reap, to plant and lop on their own small domain. Not that, at first, it would be the farmer's daughter who would join with alacrity the ranks of the agriculturist. The first pioneers would probably come from Kensington and Hampstead—regions sacred to the "cultured" spinster with aspirations beyond the usual prescribed feminine routine. These might settle, marry, and produce a race of sturdy yeowomen content to remain in the country. Co-operation such as is practised in Denmark—and latterly in Ireland—would enable them to compete successfully with foreign produce. I look forward to a happy solution of the superfluous woman question in this vast field for the utilisation of feminine energy.

Genius and Taste. It is seldom that genius and taste in dress and furniture go together, at least among the Anglo-Saxon race. Give him enough rope, and your famous poet or painter will socially hang himself by dressing in some fearful and wonderful manner. Lady Blessington has left it on record that Lord Byron was totally devoid of taste, both in his surroundings and dress. His bed at Genoa, which she was shown in 1826, was a fearful structure, with gaudy curtains topped by "baronial coronets" and the family motto. Moreover, the poet wore a tartan jacket, nankeen trousers, and a velvet cap with a gold band. "His carriages and his liveries," she declares, "were in the same bad taste, having an affectation for finery, but *mesquins* in the details and tawdry in the ensemble." As a matter of fact, the man or woman who is not a professional artist, yet has a nice eye for detail, and who "cannot endure" any object about them which is not a work of art, is generally a dilettante and an amateur.



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A CHARMING DRESS FOR SKATERS.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)



[Copyright.]

A HAT OF THE SEASON.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

over, she has her own plans for encompassing your discomfiture, and that is by obtaining your keys on your arrival in a country-house, emptying your boxes and bags, and hiding the contents in mysterious drawers and dim, elusive cupboards, so that a

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

Slavonic Styles. Time was when Russian blouses were quite the rage. That time was not long enough ago to make their *rentrée* expedient. Therefore, the new coats are very, very slightly blousant—scarcely so at all. The waist is much more clearly defined, and the sleeves are, as a rule, cut in one with the coat. The skirts fit quite tightly over the hips. The effect is very good, though to my mind it suggests Polish coats more than Russian. Then the caps are quite in Cossack fashion, of either velvet trimmed with fur, or all of fur, with an ostrich-plume sticking straight up in front. The way to wear a feather now is as if it were growing. I see a number of these Cossack caps at Prince's Skating Club, which is now going gaily.

Right Wright's. There are, it is said, two ways of doing things—the right and the wrong; and some poor people can contrive neither. There is, however, no choice if you want coal-tar soap—there is only Wright's that is right. For years its reputation for purity and disinfecting power, for being pleasant to use and beneficial to the skin, has grown. Now there are few households in which it is not found. The firm has just issued a booklet of original drawings by Louis Wain, and original verses, which will be sent free to any applicant on receipt of one penny stamp for postage. Letters should be directed to the Proprietors of Wright's Coal-Tar Soap, 48, Southwark Street, E.C.

Tunics. The tunic craze has set in with great violence. Happily, the result is graceful and pretty. [Many of the most successful tunics are of ethereal fabric over substantial skirts. Gaze-de-soie over chiffon velvet, chiffon over cloth, crêpe-de-Chine over satin—all kinds of combinations that a little while ago we should have thought in very poor taste are now the smartest of the smart, and look lovely. Clever modistes seem to be able to do just as they like. I saw a gaze-de-soie tunic, lightly flecked with gold, over a white chiffon velvet gown brodered with gold, that I admired immensely.]

A Household Joy. The banishment of the duster, the brush, and the broom does not mean the triumph of the microbe and the destruction of domestic cleanliness. The British Vacuum Cleaner Company, of 25, Victoria Street, have a model version of their big cleaner of such genteel proportions that a housemaid can use it with ease, just absorbing dust and microbes, and making each thing that she puts its nozzle to fresh and dainty and clean. It is the beginning of putting domestic hygiene on a thoroughly scientific basis.

Flowers for Ever. Nothing proves the advance in taste and enjoyment of the graces of life more than the way in which flowers are found in almost every home. I might, indeed, say in every home, since hominess in the truest sense is impossible without them. I went over the Floral Dépôt, 47, Baker Street, the other day, and was struck with the quantity, variety, and splendid condition of the cut flowers. Indeed, I understand that the firm has one of the largest supplies in London. Everyone in the place was experienced, and no blooms were taken that were not in a condition to last well. Prices are also extraordinarily moderate. Everyone wants flowers in the home nowadays, so the needs of the woman who can only afford the humbler varieties are as carefully attended to as those of favourites of fortune, who want the rarest blossoms in season and out. Ferns and palms I found far more reasonable in price than I had dared to hope, and they were such beauties too. The dépôt has been fortunate in securing the appointment to the King, and is also entrusted with the floral decoration of the Chapel Royal, St. James's, on great and ordinary occasions. Designs for table, church, and house decorations are as varied in price as the flowers—it is quite astonishing how beautiful a chancel can be made for a quite inconsiderable sum. Bouquets and wreaths are arranged on the same principle of suiting all pockets, and yet being really charming things, even when the pocket is quite a shallow one.

A New Engagement. The Hon. Mary Colebrooke, elder daughter of Lord and Lady Colebrooke, was presented, only last season and now is engaged to be married. She is in her eighteenth year, and is a very pretty girl. Her mother is the seventh daughter of the late General Lord

Alfred Paget, and sister of General Sir Arthur Paget. Her fiancé is Mr. Packe, son of the late Mr. Hussey Packe, of Prestwold Hall, Leicestershire, and of Lady Alice Packe, who is sister of the Earl of Kimberley.

Shoes for Short Skirts. The success of short skirts depends on the neatness of the shoes, while the wearer's good temper and consequent good looks depend on their comfort. Happily, we are now a nation devoting an adequate amount of attention to our foot-wear. "Lotus" shoes for men and women have some distinctive characteristics that have earned for them a great reputation. They are of finest quality, are so neat and dainty, and invariably comfortable. Varied makes are obtainable, and fine gradations in size. Once a comfortable boot or shoe is found, it can be repeated exactly in any other kind of the same reliable make, which is very convenient and comfortable. The uppers are made from the most expensive skins, and the soles are tanned with English oak in the old unrivalled way. The system of bootmaking is scientific, highly developed, and employs the best brains in the country. Those who take to wearing "Lotus" shoes do so for life.



ABOUT TO VISIT THE KING AT SANDRINGHAM: DR. OTT, OF MARIENBAD.

Dr. Ott, who for several years has had charge of the King during his annual cure at Marienbad, was this year invited by his Majesty to visit him at Sandringham. Dr. Ott, and eight other royal physicians, have recently testified to the virtues of Sanatogen, the famous food-tonic. "I have pleasure in stating," wrote Dr. Ott, "that I have been using Sanatogen for a number of years in my practice with excellent results. These results have been notably good in cases of convalescence after severe illness, and also in the case of elderly people when it was desirable to build up the strength, to stimulate the bodily functions, and to improve the circulation of the blood."

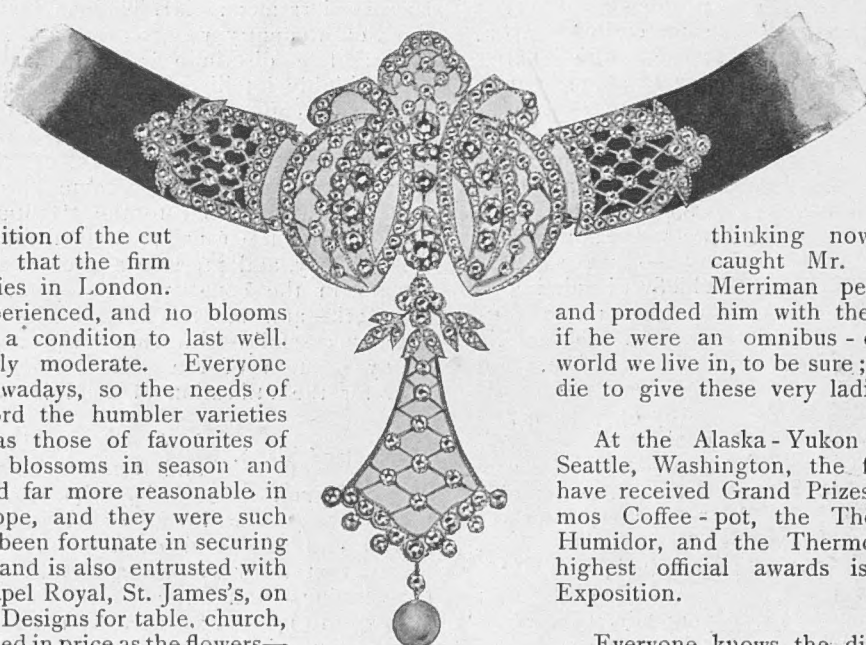
Of all Spiritualists, Mr. Everard Feilding is the most cheerful. He is much happier over his ghosts than his brother, Lord Denbigh, over his bees. While the hobby of the one is to make sugar from an English-grown root, the other is busy persuading spirits—and high spirits—to appear for the benefit of the Psychical Research Society. Ever since he has become the society's hon. secretary he has lost none of his gaiety in his dealings with his demons, for it is part of his faith to regard them only as the playthings of the agency which they reveal. Mr. Feilding's paper on recent experiments with that very strange lady of Milan, Eusapia, will be found in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century*.

Lady Sarah Wilson's adventures in camp and field have done nothing to dissociate her from the circles in which her stay-at-home sisters have been content to distinguish themselves. Her muscles are a little harder and her hands a fraction less smooth than theirs, perhaps. And, of course, she is much younger. She was only three when her sister, Lady Wimborne, married; and Lady de Ramsey and the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe are considerably her seniors. Thus it happens that she looks as young, or younger, than her interesting trio of nephews—the Duke of Marlborough, the Duke of Roxburghe, and Mr. Winston Churchill. Her travels, and her nephews, would have wrinkled the brow of any more anxious and less robust aunt.

Mr. John Xavier Merriman, instead of moping over the trials that befall all begetters of Budgets, should beguile himself with the remark once made by Cecil Rhodes. Rhodes and Merriman were at the time arch-opponents, nevertheless the Colossus said: "I am so fond of Merriman. He is one of the most cultivated and charming of companions. We shall come together again some day." We are all more or less of Rhodes's way of thinking now, even those ladies who caught Mr. Nevinson emerging from a Merriman peace-meeting during the war, and prodded him with their umbrellas as mercilessly as if he were an omnibus-conductor. What a generous world we live in, to be sure; for Mr. Nevinson would now die to give these very ladies votes!

At the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, held at Seattle, Washington, the following Thermos specialties have received Grand Prizes: Thermos Bottles, the Thermos Coffee-pot, the Thermos Picnics, the Thermos Humidor, and the Thermos Decanter. These are the highest official awards issued by the Board of the Exposition.

Everyone knows the difficulty of keeping shoe-laces neat, and at the same time firmly fastened. This difficulty has now been solved by the invention of the Dorothy Shoe-Lace Buckle, which keeps the bow in position, prevents the laces from coming untied, and (which is most important, of course) looks pretty and smart. The buckle can be had in gold, silver, nickel, paste, jet, or other substances, and the prices range from a shilling upwards. If there is any trouble in getting one at a shop, a note to the Dorothy Shoe-Lace Buckle Company, 199, Piccadilly, will bring the name and address of the nearest shoemaker's where they are kept in stock.



A NEW DIAMOND NECK-ORNAMENT MADE BY THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Nov. 9.

MONEY AND POLITICS.

THE City likes neither the monetary nor political outlook, nor was the Bank Return calculated to cheer it. A General Election is at any time a disturbing factor, and very unpopular in the Stock Exchange; but a General Election such as the coming struggle seems likely to be, in which Capital has to fight a life-and-death battle with Labour, and the outcome is very doubtful, can be by no means to the taste of the people who make their living out of the capitalist, while the foreign demand for gold and the depletion of the Bank's reserve do not make for good markets. Gilt-edged stocks have been quietly dull, and all round the markets the feeling is far more pessimistic than it was a few weeks ago.

PATALING RUBBER.

In your Issue of April 14 last I wrote as follows in reference to this Company. "The official estimate of the crop this year is 100,000 lb., but I have good reasons for believing that this estimate will be largely exceeded, and if anything like the present price of rubber should be maintained during the remainder of the year, the total dividend for the current year should be in the neighbourhood of 100 per cent." With regard to the crop, it has been announced this week that the rubber harvested during October amounted to 15,636 lb., making the total for the first ten months of the year 115,630 lb. It may be taken as certain, therefore, that the crop for the whole year will be over 140,000 lb. With regard to the price, when I wrote in April the price was about 5s. 3d. a lb., and, as your readers are aware, the price of rubber has advanced since then to 9s. a lb. and over. These two considerations make it necessary to reconsider the estimate of the dividend given above, and I have little doubt that a dividend of 150 per cent. for the year is a moderate estimate. The most important consideration, however, for an investor is whether such profits can be maintained. In this connection it must be remembered that the issued capital of the Pataling Syndicate is only £22,500. The crop harvested this year is understood to have come from an area of about 619 acres, in full or partial bearing, and in the next four years the acreage in bearing will be approximately as follows—

In 1910	889 acres
" 1911	1287 "
" 1912	1429 "
" 1913	1529 "

There will be, of course, a large and rapid expansion of crop in the next few years: it may be taken as probable that the crop of 1910 will reach 200,000 lb., and in future years will increase at least in proportion to the acreage in bearing. Assuming that next year's crop be not over 200,000 lb., a simple calculation will show that to maintain a dividend of 150 per cent., requiring £33,750, the crop would have to be sold at an average price, after allowing 1s. 6d. a pound for expenses, of rather under 5s. a pound. As it is well known that several Companies have been offered over 7s. a pound for their 1910 crop, and over 5s. a pound for their 1911 crop, I do not think the shareholders need have any fear as to maintenance of the rate mentioned. My own opinion is that for 1910 the rate of dividend cannot be less than 200 per cent., or 4s. a share, and that there is every probability of the same rate being paid for 1911. It is as well that your readers should bear these figures in mind when they read of the "absurd inflation of rubber-share prices," and other similar statements. The best-formed opinion as to the immediate future of the price of Para rubber is that it will not fall much below 7s. 6d. during next year, and I need hardly say that such a price more than satisfies producers. I said last week that Pataling shares should advance to between 30s. and 40s., and I think that the statement of the Company's position given above fully justifies this anticipation, and I may add that I believe it to be a studiously moderate statement of absolute facts. In my humble judgment, your readers will do better in a well-established Company like this than in many of the promotions now so eagerly subscribed for by the public. Q.

KAFFIR PROSPECTS.

In the Kaffir Market most of the hopeful enthusiasm has oozed out of the optimists, and the open position tends to degenerate simply into a stale bull account. The showing made by the Consolidated Goldfields of South Africa preliminary statement was not encouraging, but perhaps the report and meeting will shed a rosier glow upon the situation. Public dealing has dwindled to a mere trickle. The dearth of money, while making little actual difference to Kaffir shares, helps to weigh down what incipient readiness to buy there might otherwise be. There are dividend declarations due next month, and when the announcements begin to appear it is possible that interest may be stirred again, for good yields are now to be obtained. Glen Deep, Wit. Deep, East Rand, Simmers, Van Ryn, Kleinfontein, Rose Deep, and Nigels all yield between 9 and 12 per cent. on the money. Heriots, Meyer and Charlton, New Unified, Rietfontein, Knight's Deep, and Princess are amongst those which pay 12 to 15 per cent. on the basis of the last dividends, and in none of the cases enumerated is the life of the mine supposed to be a short one. Figures such as these speak for themselves, and tell very plainly of the present attitude of public indifference to such attractions.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"I'm getting rather fed up with this Bank Rate business," complained The Jobber. "Same old game every Wednesday and Thursday."

"Is the Rate going up this week, Sir?" asked The Broker.

The Banker said he was not prophesying. "The situation alters from day to day," he defended himself.

"Then one must read the *Standard*, and trust to luck."

"Why the *Standard*?"

"Because it's the accepted authority in the City on the money market," and The Broker tactlessly appealed to The City Editor for corroboration.

Now, no City Editor or financial journalist has ever been known to admit that he is less well informed than any other member of his own calling.

The City Editor said that, with certain reservations— And all the rest of the Carriage laughed.

"Some of us are going to lay in a bit of stock against a drop in the Bank Rate early in the New Year," said The Jobber, with much solemnity.

"What sort of stock?"

"Oh, Home Rails, possibly a few Consols, maybe a trifle of India Threes—and that sort of thing."

"Then investment stocks are to go better?"

The Jobber nodded with vigour.

"Same old game," quoted The City Editor. "Whack up prices at the end of the year, make them look much better than they are, and let the whole thing fizzle out after the first hour or so on the Second of January. We've seen it all before."

"You won't next year," said The Jobber.

"We shall. I bet you a sovereign we shall."

"Take you. The Second of January is a Sunday, my boy. No, thanks. Keep your money in your pocket, or send it to Wingfield House."

"I can see no hope for the Home Railway Market," said The Engineer despondently. "It's dead as mutton."

"It's as frigid as a calculated lie," declared The Merchant.

The Broker turned on him, and said he had occasional inquiries for Industrials. "Had he anything to recommend?"

"Candidly, I haven't," was the reply. "I am told by people closely connected with the Hudson's Bay Company that important developments are on foot, and—"

"Go on." The Carriage was keenly interested, but The Merchant looked rather embarrassed.

"I'm afraid I have said more than I ought—"

"None of us will breathe a word," The Jobber assured him.

"Is the tip good enough to buy on?"

"Provided you don't mind waiting, certainly I believe it is."

"Do you know anything of a Rubber Company called Jequié?" inquired The Broker. "Two-shilling fully paid shares standing about five bob, I believe. A Special Settlement thing."

"I'm told by people who ought to know that it's a very good little affair," was The Merchant's reply. "Small capital, and likely to pay dividends at quite an early stage."

"Mabira Rubber, I've had a tip about," remarked The Jobber. "The price is thirty shillings, and they tell me the Company is prospering wonderfully."

"Too many of these Rubber concerns," complained The Merchant: "they can't all be subscribed."

"You will have to wait for all speculative things till Christmas," The Broker declared. "How can you expect markets to go better with things as they are—money, politics, and so forth?"

"Do you apply that to Yankees?"

"Ah, there you switch on to another set of rails altogether. I daresay I'm an old fool" (A voice: "Shame!"), "but for the life of me I can't see any drop in Americans yet."

"Some of us have been awfully wrong over Canadians," someone reminded him.

"True, O King. That's the worst of not being able to foresee dissensions on the board, overloaded bull accounts in the provinces, and similar luxuries. Even now, I believe in Trunks."

Nov. 6, 1909.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

HOOPS.—We think that about low-water mark has been reached with the best Nitrate Companies. It is very probable that there is more chance of improvement in the best Kafirs. You should have Rand Mines in your list.

R. L.—(1) As to the Telegraph shares, we are not believers in them, and should sell quickly if they were our own. (2) See "Q's" note.

E. P. S.—(1) We should hold the Brewery shares, as it looks as if the turn in South Africa had begun. (2) The Industrial company has never been a favourite of ours, but we have no special information.

SENEHAL.—The consulting engineers tell their most intimate friends that the new treatment process is a success, and the market thinks that for once they are speaking the truth. It is probably worth while to apply.

N. O. V.—The Mabira shares have had such a rise that we hesitate to recommend purchase. The whole question turns on the amount of rubber that each tree will give. Hitherto the yield has not been up to the estimate of half-a-pound per tree. There are certainly a million trees of tappable size in the forest, but only about 600,000 are yet available.

J. S.—We have no reason to expect a quick rise.

BENGAL.—The bank would not be good enough for our own money. In order to pay the rate of interest advertised, the business carried on must be of the bill-of-sale sort. Why not buy some good bonds, such as San Paulo or Rio de Janeiro, paying 5 per cent?

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

I think Procope will win the Liverpool Cup. Other selections for the Liverpool Meeting are: Lancashire Handicap, Carbineer; Knowles Nursery, Lonawand; Liverpool St. Leger, Bayardo; Anchor Nursery, Brig of Ayr; Grand Sefton Steeplechase, Denmark; Stewards' Plate, Fallen Angel; Croxteth Plate, Poor Boy; Liverpool Nursery, Aye-Aye; November Hurdle Handicap, Mount Prospect II.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"Robert Emmet."

By STEPHEN GWYNN.
(Macmillan.)

Revolutions, at the first glance, seem to hinge upon singularly trivial accidents—for example, the Boston Tea-Party, in itself no more than a local *émeute*, the affair of the Diamond Necklace, the mystery of a warming-pan. Robert Emmet, whose revolution failed miserably, was apparently defeated by a series of petty mishaps. If Howley had resisted the temptation to pistol a British officer; if gunpowder, in inexperienced hands, had not exploded prematurely; if the pikemen had known their leaders, Irish history might (still at the superficial estimate) have taken a very different course. Might it? We think not. Emmet had misjudged the temper of his insurgents. The thirteen American colonies, grown to prosperous manhood, were over-ripe for a quarrel with the Mother-country before the Stamp Act precipitated it; and we know what France and England respectively thought of monarchical government by the Capets and the Stuarts. Robert Emmet, enthusiast and dreamer, read into the hearts of his mob a courage that was his, not theirs, and a singleness of spirit that Ireland, alas! did not possess. This, and much more of interest, is the story as history has it, and as Mr. Stephen Gwynn has sketched it in his sympathetic study—or romance, if you prefer that name for it. Certainly, the episode of Sarah Curran is sheer romance, and Emmet was as noble as a lover as he was devoted as a patriot. We should like to see Sarah's life treated as a whole; Mr. Gwynn, being concerned with his hero, says nothing about her subsequent history, which is well worth the telling. He has, however, written a striking book, and he has handled his subject admirably.

"The Priest of Piccadilly."

By ARTHUR APPLIN.
(F. V. White.)

"The Priest of Piccadilly" also concerns itself with revolution, this time the fruit of Mr. Arthur Applin's lively imagination. It is, we suppose, a story of the years to come, when the British character has changed in many essentials. At the present day it would be hard to imagine the loungers of Piccadilly rushing into church at the incitement of a young clergyman whose eloquence is oddly at variance with Mr. Applin's opinion of it, and hanging upon his not very original interpretation of the gospel of love and service. "Miracles don't happen," and such an occurrence would be a miracle. A generation which is deaf to Tolstoy, who has been thundering the Rev. James Gascoigne's Piccadilly sermon into its ears for a couple of decades, is hardly likely to be carried off its feet by one more enunciation of his principles. Mr. Gascoigne, failing to convince his hearers of

the efficacy of brotherly love, takes national service for his text, and perishes, a martyr, in its exposition. Here he seems to be taking a leaf out of Lord Roberts's book—or out of the Germans', who have had national military service for close upon a hundred years. Have they found a profound spiritual well-being as the result of their patriotism? Mr. Applin appears to think the two things are interdependent. Really, "The Priest of Piccadilly" is nonsense, albeit it seems to be written with excellent intention.

"The Florentine Frame."

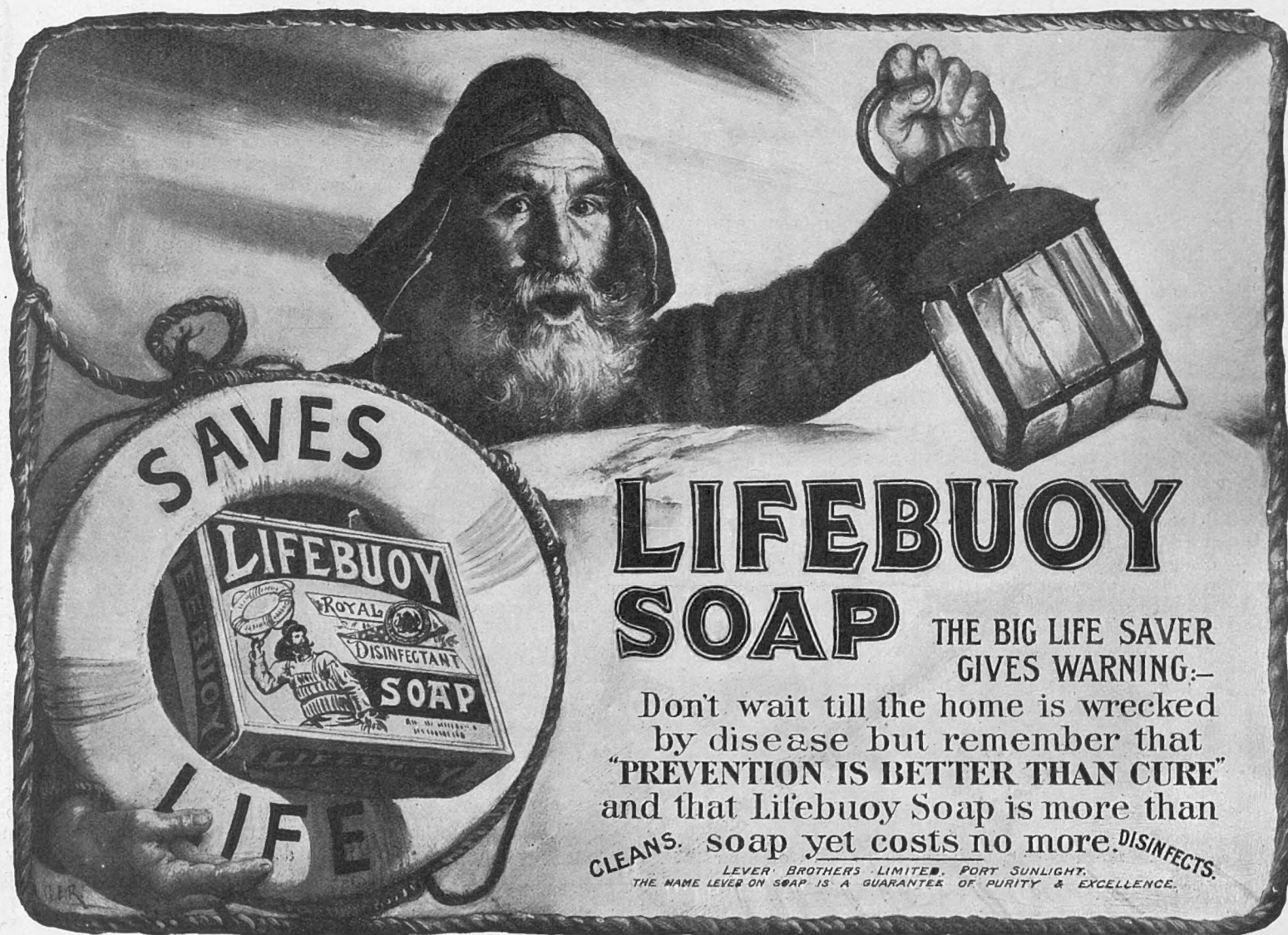
By ELIZABETH ROBINS.
(Murray.)

The theme of a mother and daughter in love with the same man needs, of course, very careful treatment. It gets it from Miss Elizabeth Robins, who has written "The Florentine Frame" with a Jamesian attention to psychological niceties. The scene is laid in cultured New York, which is, we need hardly say, quite the breadth of a continent away from the desolation of "The Magnetic North," and at least an ocean removed from the primitive conflict of "The Dark Lantern." The effect of the New York atmosphere is unhappy. Do these people, so carefully sheltered by their wealth and their pre-occupation about unessentials, have warm, red blood in their veins? Chester Keith was a dramatist—the great American dramatist, the first to "arrive." What is the exact value of a great dramatist to his contemporaries? Keith, we are given to understand, was priceless; and then one thinks of William Shakespeare and—goes on thinking. Briefly, the people of "The Florentine Frame" are artificial, living in an artificial world, concerned with artificial emotions. At least, that is how it strikes us. They are the most beautiful, polished, finished specimens of novelist-made humanity, but they have never been stabbed broad awake, and they never will be, because they are sawdust at the core.

"Lord Kentwell's Love Affair."

By F. C. PRICE.
(Heinemann.)

"Lord Kentwell's Love Affair" is very well done indeed. It ought to have been love affairs in the plural, seeing that the principal thing about this young nobleman was that he had loved widely, and often. Mrs. Gambier was his true love, but as he failed to perceive it until too late, and his relatives refused to see it at all, the course of his romantic attachment to her was devious, and ended in marriage elsewhere. The mouselike, patient, rather inscrutable Ada caught him on the rebound. It is the history of innumerable marriages; wherefore, Mr. F. C. Price is to be commended as a writer of luminous observation. All his characters are true to type, and he depicts them with uncommon deliberation and restraint. They marry and are given in marriage for the usual reasons, and this salutary novel reminds us how small a part high passion and terrific flights of adoration play in the building of the family, which is the nation.



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